

JULY

NO. 34

10¢

SMASH COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE RAY



ROOKIE RANKIN



BOZO THE ROBOT



ESPIONAGE



Another Adventure
of **MIDNIGHT**

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

★ ★ ★

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff so out of date!

★ ★ ★

War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

★ ★ ★

Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

★ ★ ★

They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!



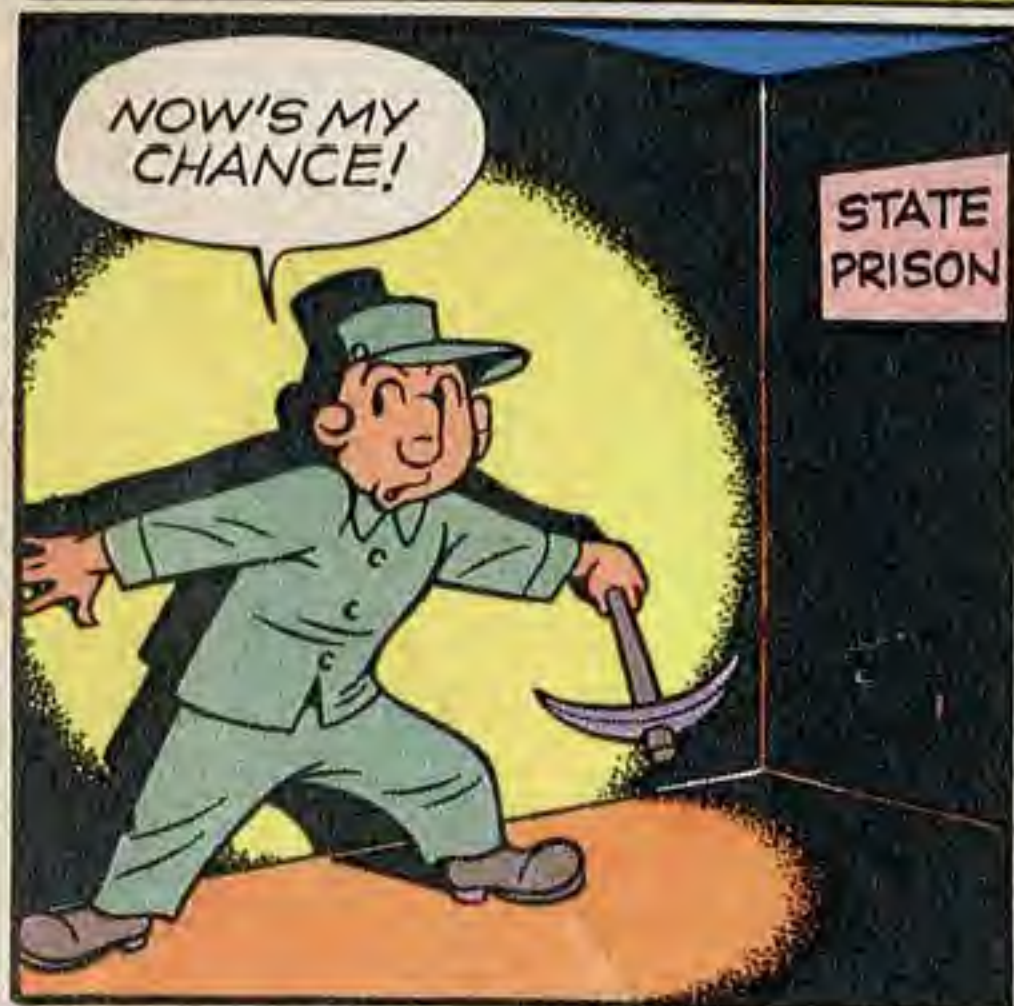
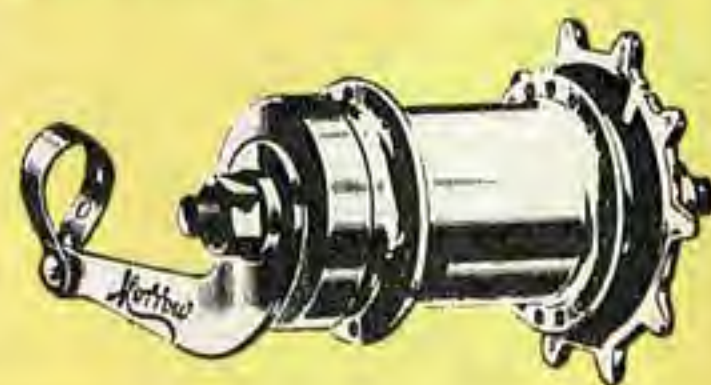
Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

★ ★ ★

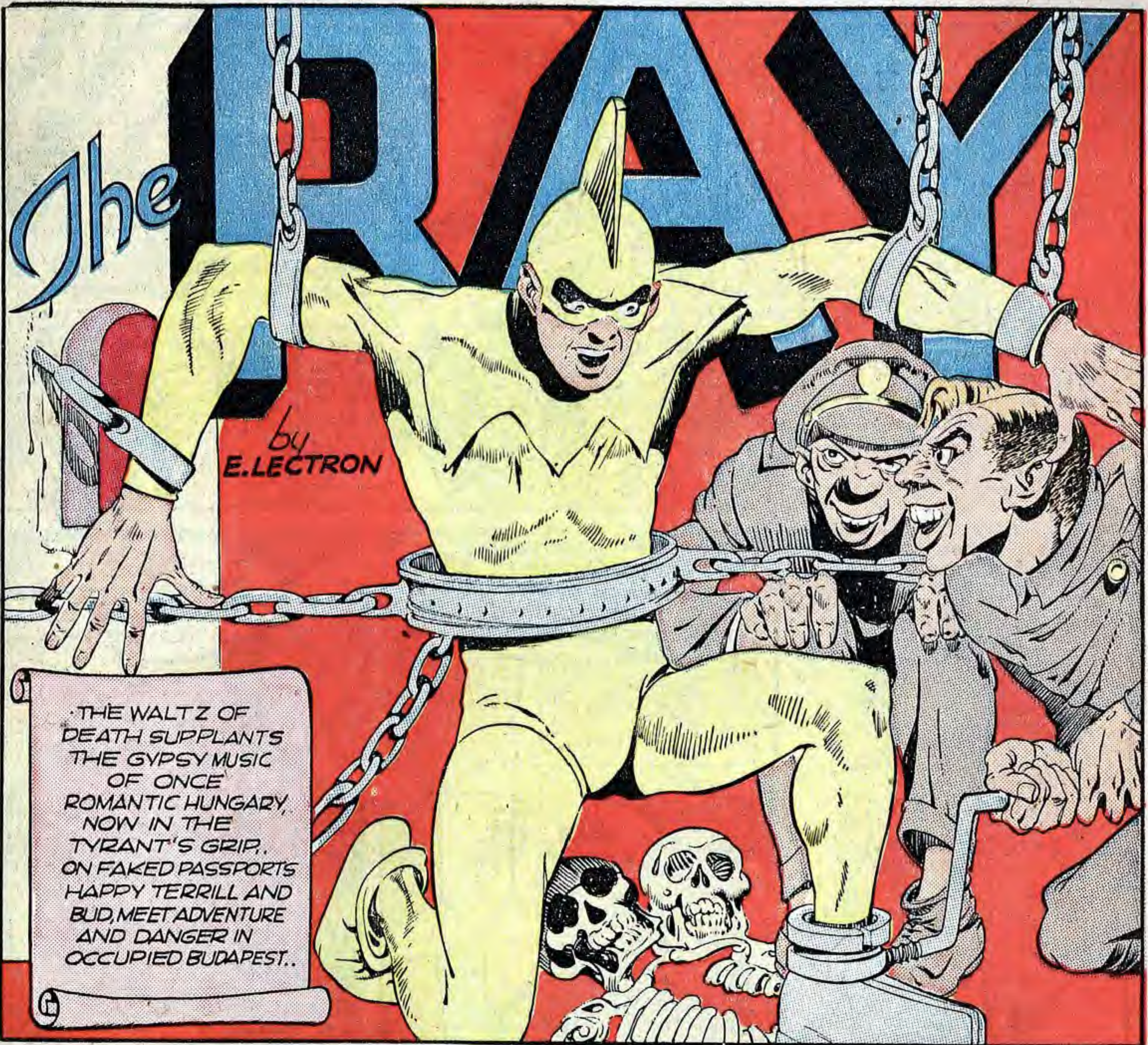
Famous for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; more ball bear-
ings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish
a Morrow Coaster Brake on
any bike—ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE



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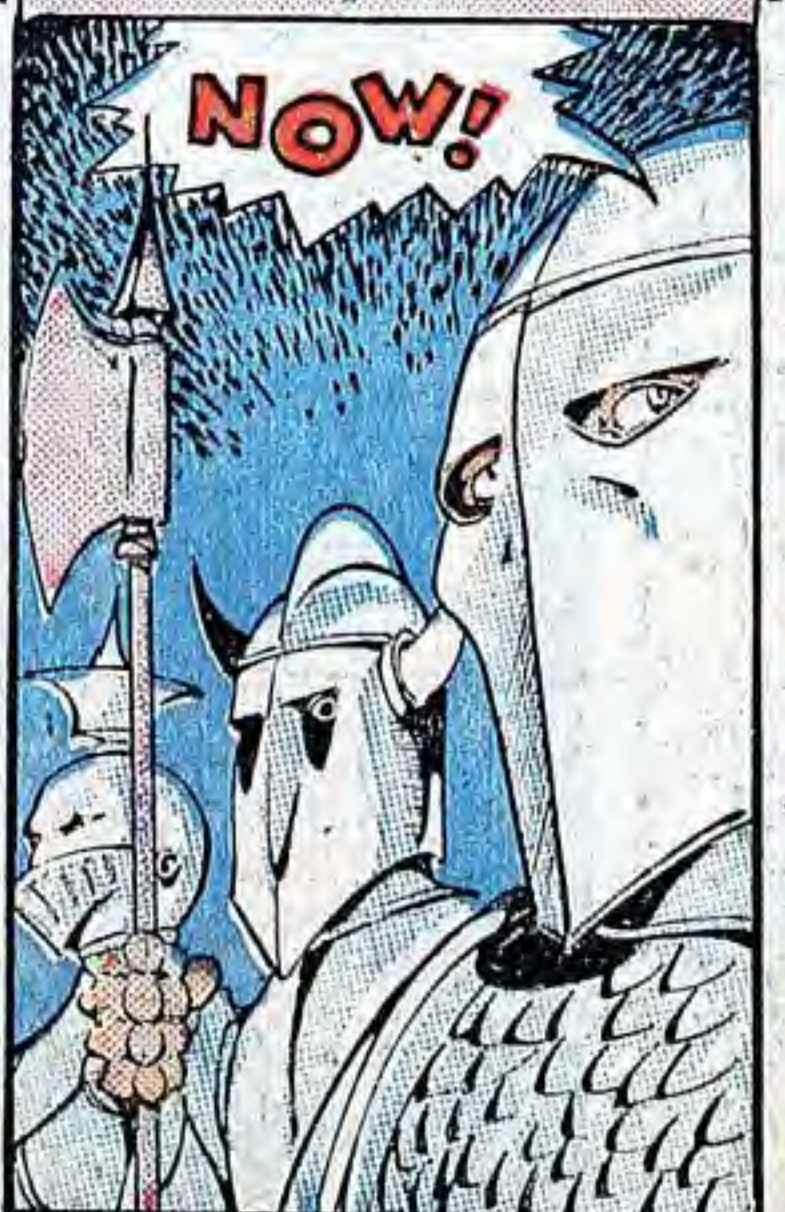
HIGH ABOVE THE TROUBLED WATERS OF THE DANUBE..



OFFICERS OF THE OCCUPYING NAZI ARMY REVEL IN WINE AND SONG



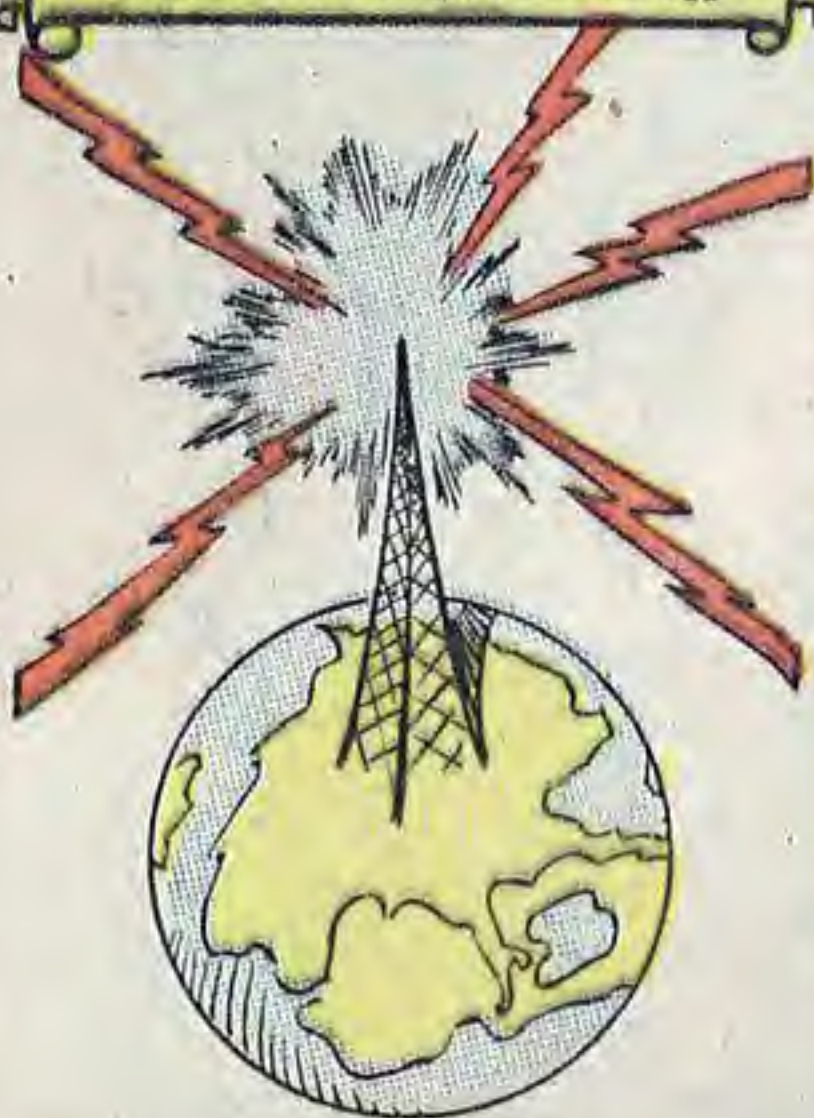
THEY DO NOT SEE THE BURNING EYES, HIDDEN IN ANCIENT ARMOR..



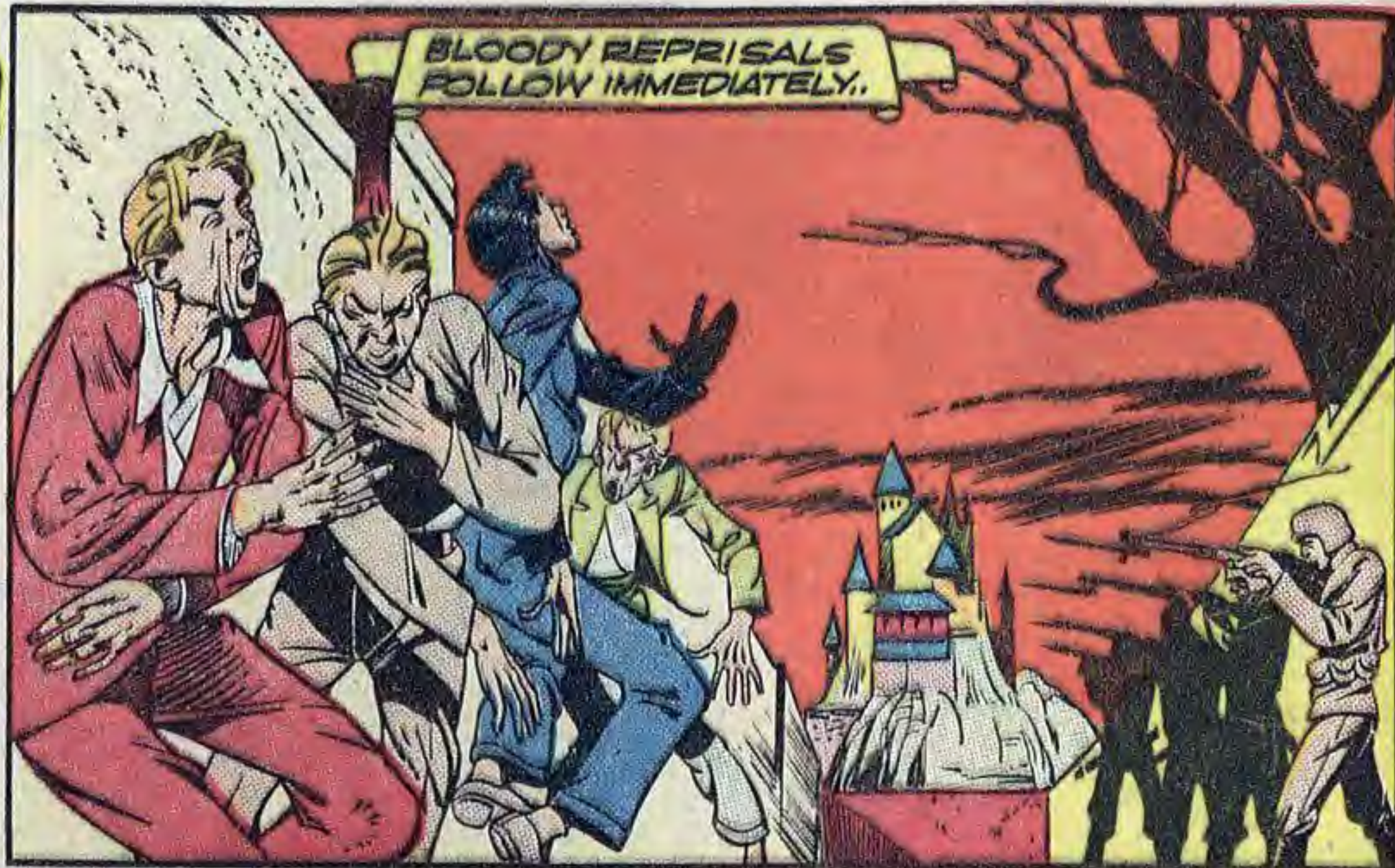
THE WILL OF AN OPPRESSED PEOPLE SPEAKS IN COLD STEEL



THE NEWS CIRCLES THE GLOBE, "NAZI OFFICIALS KILLED IN HUNGARY!!"



BLOODY REPRISALS FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY.



IN NEW YORK, HAPPY TERRILL'S EDITOR IS FRANTIC.....

GET ME TERRILL IN ISTANBUL, AND HURRY!!



WHY HI'YA, BOSSMAN! BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT YOU... WHAT A SWEET INVITE I GOT TO-NIGHT.. YOU SHOULD BE HERE..



Dear Happy,
Tonight is open house at the Sula Harem - Expect to see you there with bells on...

BUDAPEST!! ON A FAKED PASS-PORT!! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?



27 TURKISH DELIGHTS.. AND I GOT TO GO TO HUNGARY, BUD!!

TSK.. TSK..



IN A CAFE, HAPPY TALKS TO OTHER CORRESPONDENTS..

IF YOU GET ANY DOPE ON THE KILLINGS YOU ARE BETTER THAN THE GESTAPO.. WE DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN'!!



WAZZAT!! I HEARD A SHOT!!





BY LAMP LIGHT, HAPPY IS TRANSFORMED INTO THE RAY



HE FOLLOWS THE NAZI'S TO THE RIVER.

GET IN DER BOAT, SWINE!!



HE TRAVELS A MOON BEAM TO A CASTLE ON A CLIFF...



THE DOORMAN IS RUSHED INTO THE EMBRACE OF THE "IRON LADY"...

WHO ARE YOUR LEADERS?
WHERE ARE THE UNDERGROUND UNITS?



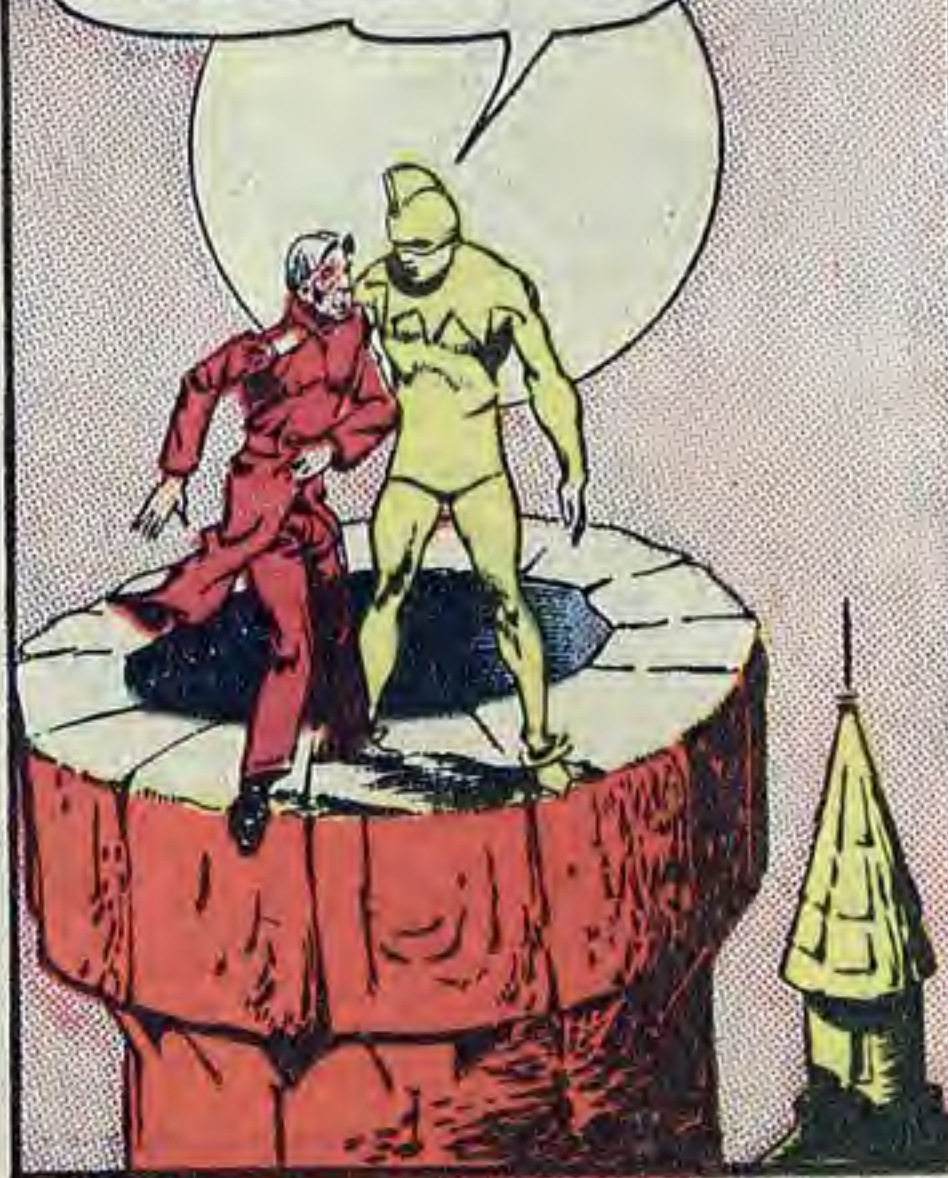
SUDDENLY...



THE RAY SNATCHES THE DOORMAN FROM THE TORTURES



WHERE CAN I TAKE YOU, SO YOU WILL BE SAFE?



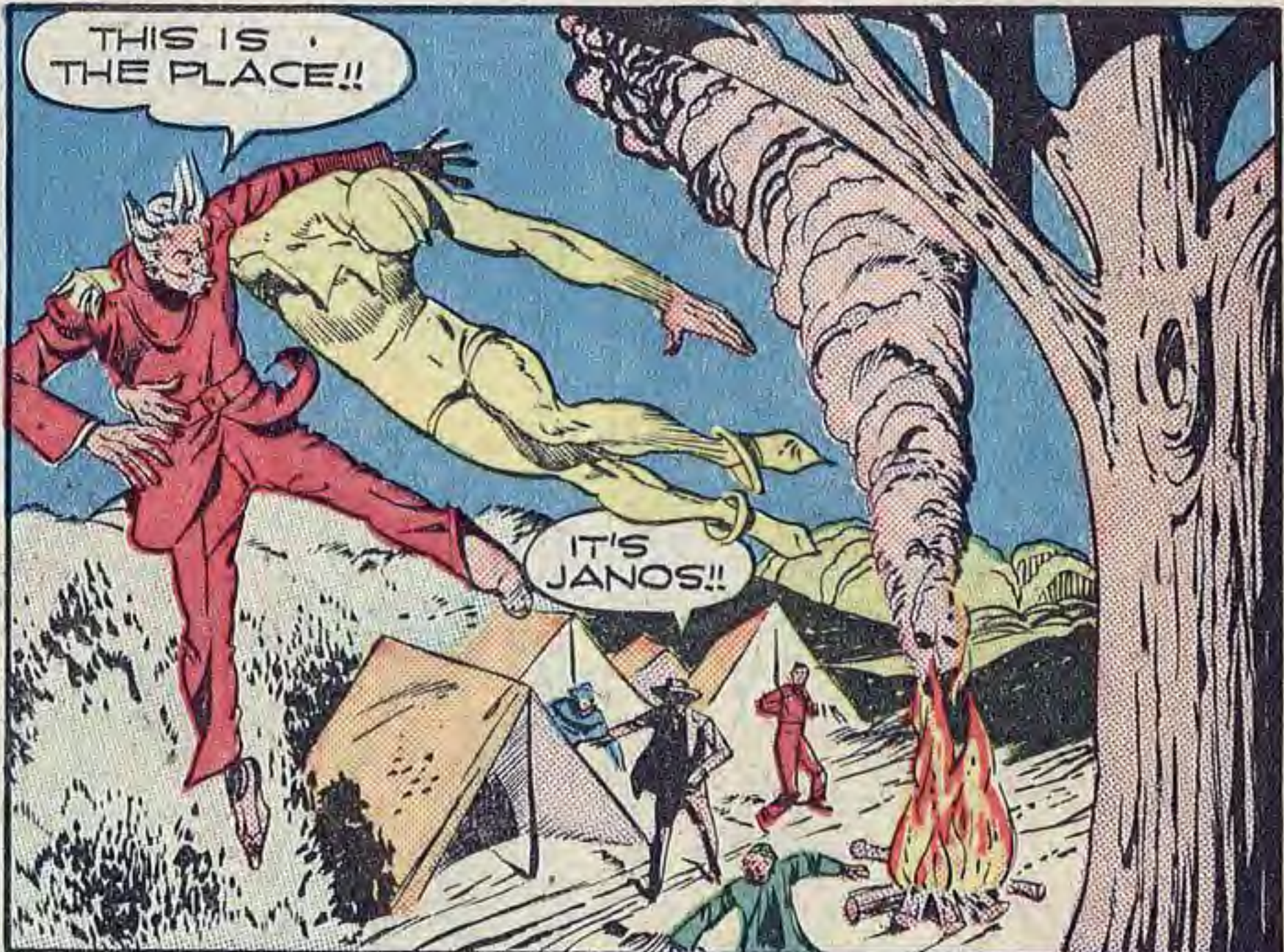
FOLLOW THAT BEACON TO A GYPSY CAMP IN THE WOODS!!



DEEP IN THE FRIENDLY FOREST,
A GYPSY CAMP FIRE BLAZES...



THIS IS
THE PLACE!!



IT'S
JANOS!!

THIS WAGON IS EQUIPPED
WITH GUNS, MAPS AND
RADIO.. WE ARE ONE OF A
CHAIN OF REBELS IN
EUROPE!!



D5X CALLING PARIS 2B..
TONIGHT THE PLAN GOES
THROUGH.. WE BURN
THE HUNYADI WHEAT
FIELDS!!



WE WILL DESTROY TONS
OF GRAIN SO THAT THE
NAZIS CANNOT TRANS-
PORT IT TO THEIR
TROOPS IN
RUSSIA!!



AND WE WILL GIVE OUR-
SELVES UP WHEN THE JOB
IS DONE, SO THAT INNO-
CENT ONES WILL NOT SUFFER
FROM REPRISALS!!



YOU ARE BRAVE
MEN... COUNT ON ME
TO AID YOU!!



WITH THESE WORDS, THE
RAY SOARS ALOFT..



BACK AT THE HOTEL... AS
HAPPY TERRILL AGAIN...

I LEARNED PLENTY,
BUD, AND I'M GOING
STRAIGHT TO THE
GESTAPO WITH WHAT
I KNOW!!

ARE YOU CRAZY?
YOU CAN'T
SQUEAL ON THOSE
GYPSIES!!

BUT HAPPY SEEMS DETER-
MINED TO BETRAY THE REBELS

SO BUD RUSHES TO THE FRIENDLY
NEUTRAL REPORTERS...

AND HE'S GONE TO
TELL THE NAZIS
ABOUT BURNIN'
THE WHEAT!!

WOW!!

AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT THIS MAN SAYS MAY
BE TRUE, BUT I DO NOT
TRUST HIM... HAVE HIM
FOLLOWED!!

LATER, HAPPY RECOGNIZES
TWO OF THE GYPSIES...

HEY BOYS! SO YOU
THINK YOU CAN GET
AWAY WITH YOUR
BONFIRE TONIGHT!?

SILENCE,
FOOL!!

QUIET!!

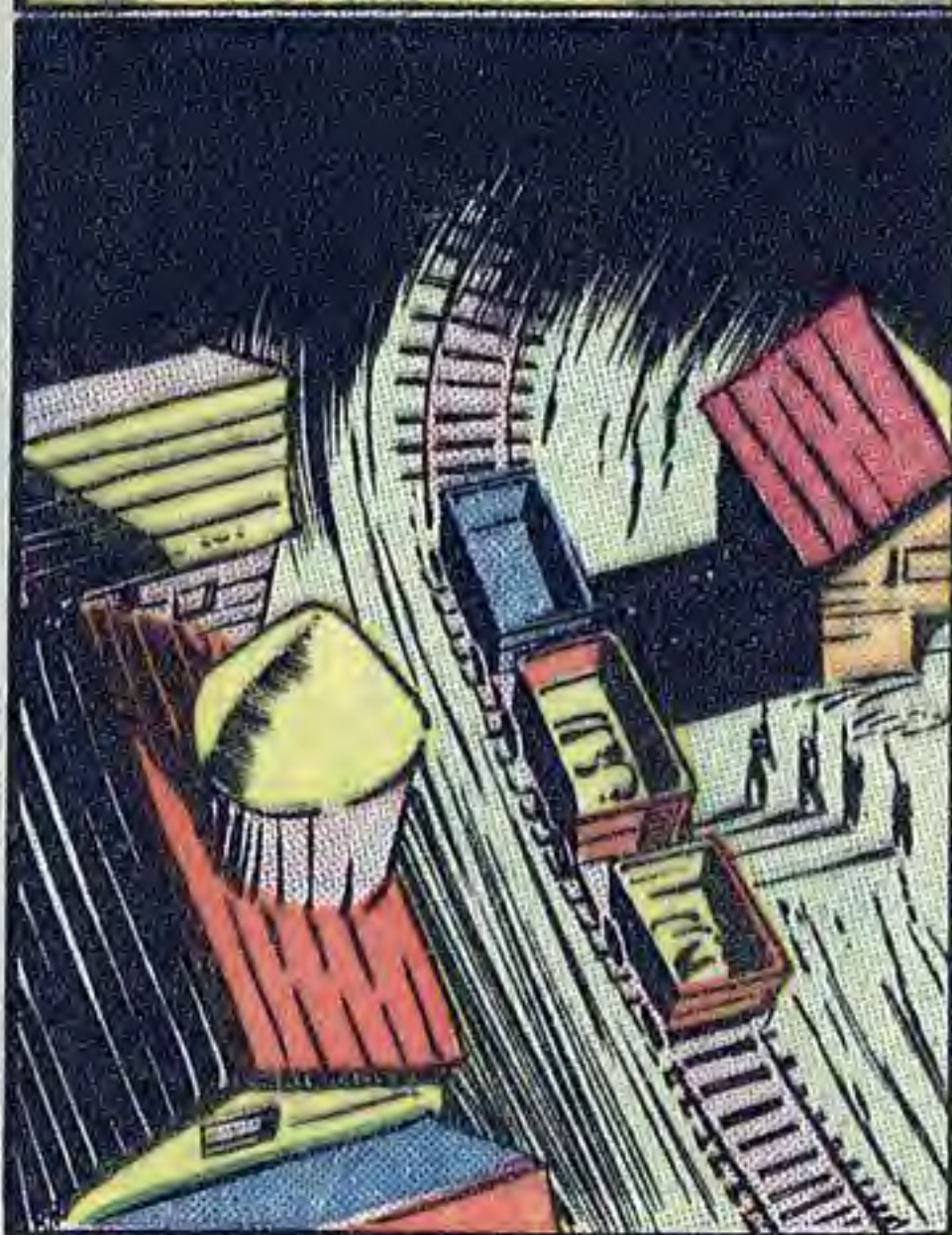
AS THE NAZI AGENTS STEP FORWARD,
HAPPY IS LEFT ALONE...

JA, VE TRUST
HIM NOW... HE VILL
SHOW US
MORE OF
DER
TRAITORS,
NO?

SURE,
PAL!!

HE ISS
SMART FOR
A YOUNG
FELLOW..

THAT NIGHT AT THE GRANARY NEAR HUNYADI..



THE NAZI TROOPS STAND WAITING... ENCIRCLING THE FIELD...



SPEEDING TO THE SCENE IS A CAR FULL OF CORRESPONDENTS



THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF, KID.. WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS STORY!!

YEAH... SOB... SOB... BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HAPPY TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A HEEL!!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A GUY!!



MEANWHILE, THE TORCH-BEARING REBELS' APPROACH THE FIELDS..

STOP!!

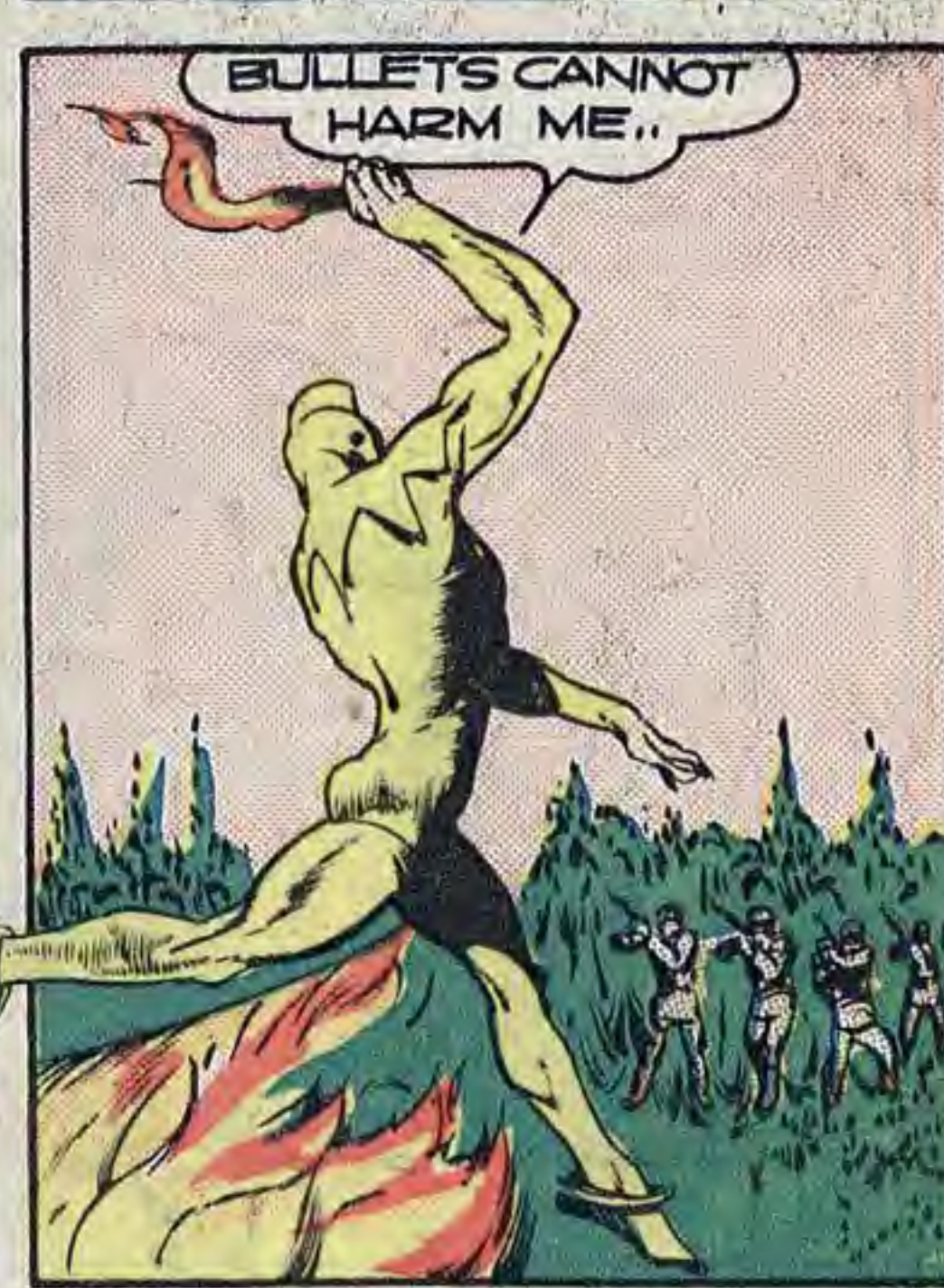
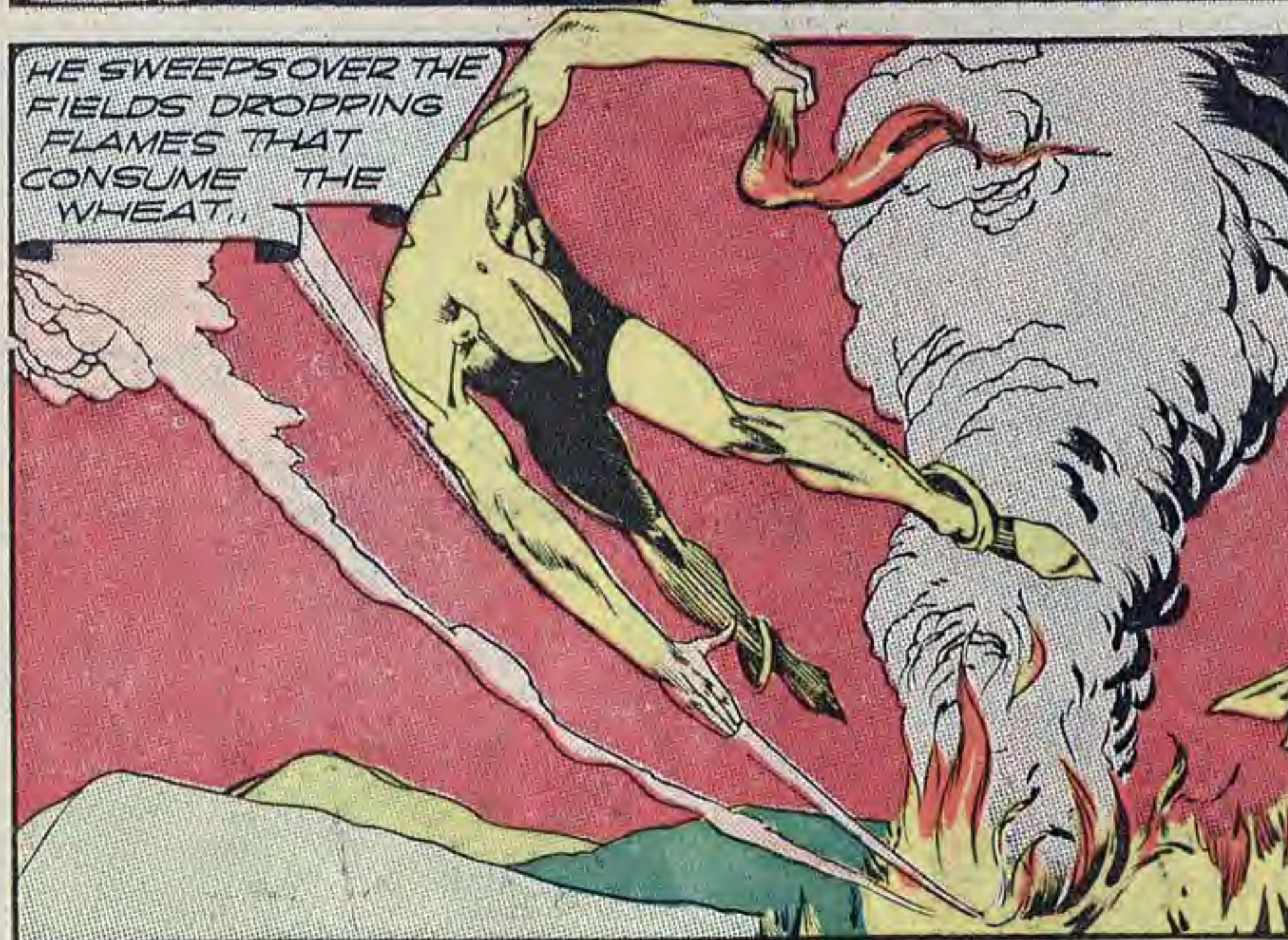


I'LL APOLOGIZE LATER, BOYS... BUT THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!!



SEIZING THE BLAZING BRANDS, THE RAY RISES ABOVE THE GOLDEN WHEAT..





THE NEWSMEN'S CAMERAS
CLICK WILDLY AS THE FIRE
GROWS..



YIPPEE!! HAPPY'S NOT
A NAZI!! HE'S STILL
ON OUR SIDE!!



THE GYPSIES, TOO, ARE
OVERJOYED,..



THE RAY
HAS DONE OUR
JOB FOR US!!

BUT, THE GESTAPO..

DER DUMMER@☆??!
GET DAT REPORTER
QVICK!!



NEXT DAY...

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUD,
BUT WE'RE BEING
SHADOWED!!



TO THE AIRPORT..
AND QUICK..
WE'LL TAKE THE
FIRST PLANE
OUT!!



HAPPY AND BUD HOP A
PLANE AND TAKE OFF, JUST
AS A GESTAPO CAR PULLS UP



IN THE PLANE THEY FIND
A NEWSPAPER..

THAT'S WHY YOU DID IT..
SO'S THEY WOULDN'T
TAKE IT OUT ON
THE PEOPLE..



BY THE WAY
PILOT, WHERE ARE
WE HEADED FOR..
I'D LIKE TO..

BACK TO
YOUR 27
TURKISH DE-
LIGHTS..THE
PARTY IS STILL
GOING STRONG..



ESPIONAGE

by
WILL
ERWIN



ACROSS THE SHELL CRATERED FACE OF EUROPE, ACT 2 OF THE WAR BEGUN IN 1914 ROARED UNCHECKED, MODERN WEAPONS AND METHODS HAVE BROUGHT TOTAL WAR TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN EUROPE, AND ONCE AGAIN THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSES BLAZE ACROSS THE HORIZON, MEANWHILE IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE AND IN ASIA, THE SWORD OF JAPANESE INVASION HANGS OVERHEAD, SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING

..PEARL HARBOR.. BRINGING INTO THE EYES OF AMERICANS SUCH HEROES AS GEN. MACARTHUR AND COLIN KELLY...



MEANWHILE IN ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS IN WASHINGTON

YOU SENT FOR ME, COL. ATWATER ??

YES, BLACK X..



I HAVE HERE THE MOST DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT OF YOUR CAREER.. IN MANILA !!

THIS BEGINS TO INTEREST ME STRANGELY.. TELL ME MORE..



WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE JAP ATTACK WAS DIRECTED FROM INSIDE.. AND BY A WHITE MAN IN THE U.S. SERVICE !!!

..AND I'M TO SPRINKLE SALT ON HIS TAIL, EH?



RIGHT.. BUT YOU'LL BE IN THE VERY JAW OF DEATH AT EVERY MOMENT..

WE BEEN IN JAWS BEFORE COLONEL..



..BUT SOMEHOW JAWS NEVER QUITE CLOSE !!



DAYS LATER IN THE SUBURBS
OF JAP CONTROLLED MANILA..

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU
SCHEMING YELLOW SHE-DEVIL!



LOOK AT ME..A DRUNKEN RENE-
GADE !! I DESERTED MY
COMMAND, AND SOLD MY COUNTRY'S
SECRETS TO YOUR YELLOW
HORDES FOR YOUR LOVE..
WHY, I'LL...

SILENCE!



ONE MORE WORD
FROM YOU AND
I'LL TURN YOU
OVER TO MY COUN-
TRYMEN..EVEN
THOUGH YOU
ARE MY
HUSBAND!!

NO NO..
PLEASE..
I DIDN'T
MEAN
IT!!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT
TILL YOUR USEFUL-
NESS IS ENDED, YOU
SNIVELING CUR!!



TO THINK THAT LIEUT.
COMMANDER BRANDON
WOULD COME TO THIS
-SOB- IF I COULD ONLY
FORGET HER.. BUT I
CAN'T... I.. CAN'T...



AT THAT VERY MOMENT
..NOT FAR FROM
MANILA..



I HOPE I DON'T
GET CAUGHT
IN THESE
BRANCHES



BLAST IT! I AM CAUGHT..
WOW! JAP GUERRILLAS!

おは



AS BLACK X FRANTICALLY GRABS FOR
HIS GUN.. THE JAP MACHINE GUNNER
TAKES AIM..





BUT IN A FLASH..

NOT DIS TIME, YA UGHHH!!

LOOK OUT,
BOY!!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THAT..

FERGIT IT! Y'KIN
ROOT FER DEM DOD-
GERS FER ME..
SOME.. TIME.. I...
OHHHH!!!



**A MOMENT LATER, SUPERIOR NUMBERS
OVERWHELM BLACKX AND BATU..**

SEIZE THEM! WE WILL USE THEM
FOR BAYONET PRACTICE IN
THE MORNING!!



NEXT MORNING...

NO, NO! I
WON'T
REVEAL
ANYMORE
SECRETS..
I CAN'T..

YOU MUST!! AND
YOU WILL!! DON'T
BE FOOLISH
AND MAKE
ME ANGRY!!



WHAT A WEAK, POOR
FOOL I AM.. WHY DID
I DO IT!! HEAVENS!
CAN THAT BE...?



IT IS! **BLACKX!** THOSE
DEVILS ARE GOING
TO...



AT THAT MOMENT..

THEY COME, MASTER!

LET'S
SHOW
'EM WE
CAN
TAKE IT,
BATU!!



BUT AS THE JAPS CHARGE..

BRANDON!



**BANG!!
BANG!!**

IN THE CONFUSION, THE WILY BATU BREAKS HIS BONDS..



BATU HASTENS TO FREE BLACK X..



BUT AS THEY RACE FOR SAFETY



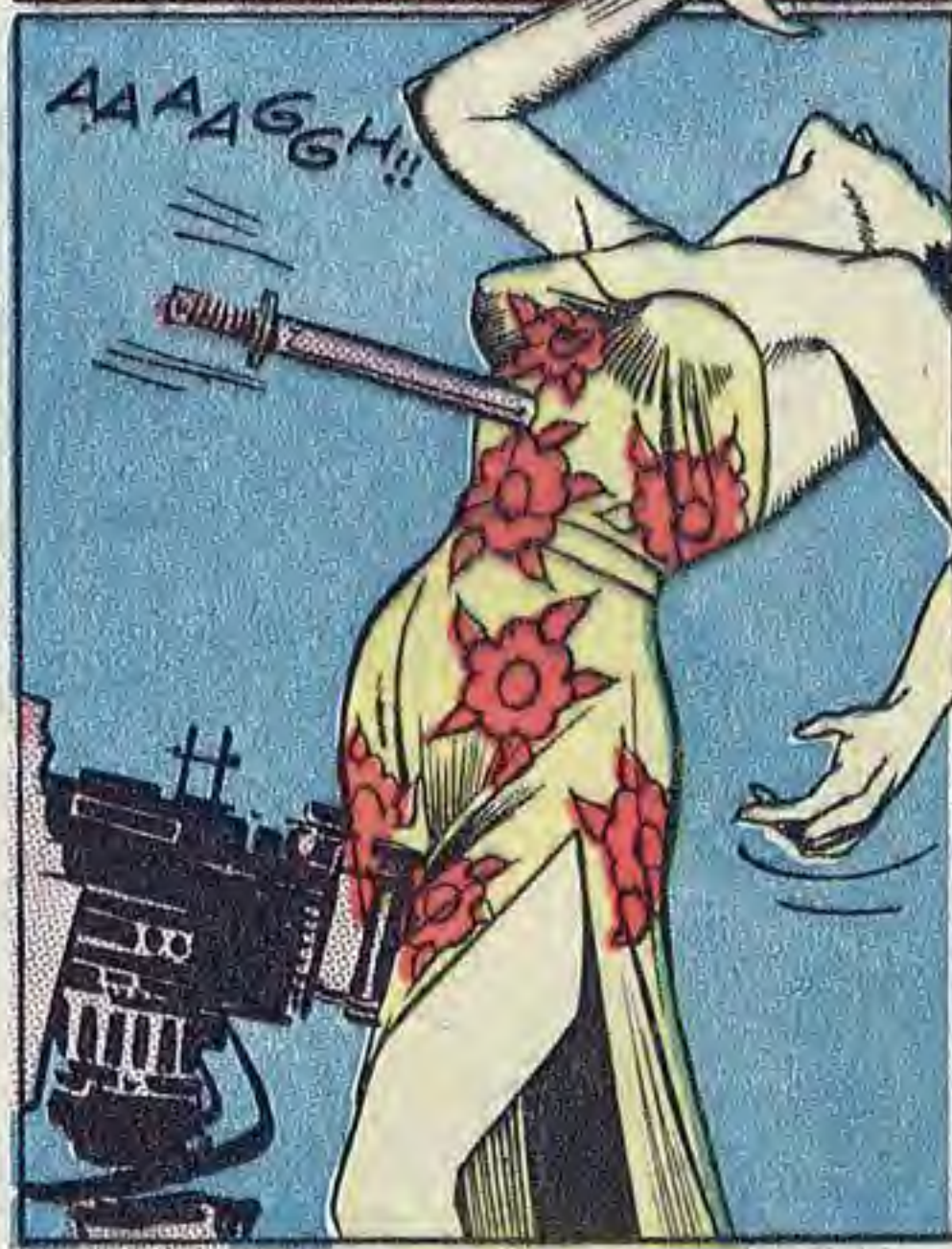
AND ABOVE IN A WINDOW..



MY WIFE,, SHE,, OOH!!



BATU'S AIM IS TRUE



COME ON! WE'LL GET OUT...



WEEKS LATER,, WASHINGTON,,



I HAVE A STORY TO TELL A YOUNG NAVY MAN, AND THEN I'M GOING TO A BALL GAME AND YELL LOUDER THAN I EVER YELLED IN MY LIFE, FOR THE BROOKLYN DODGERS..



More thrills with Black X in the next issue of SMASH COMICS.

Archie O'TOOLE

SIRE,
THE CABINET'S
SCRAPPING
AGAIN—THEY
WON'T AGREE
ON
ANYTHING!

THEY GOTTA
GET T'GETHER,
THIS CRISIS
CALLS FOR
UNITY!

EXCUSE
ME,
KINGY--

I'M ONLY THE CHAMBER
MAID—BUT I'VE BEEN
STUDYING AN' I'M
HEP TO THIS
UNITY
STUFF!

S'POSE
YOU TALK
TO 'EM!

MY SUBJECTS ARE MAD
'CAUSE I CAN'T GET
UNITY IN MY
CABINET!

THEY
GOT BIG
QUESTIONS TO
SETTLE ABOUT
ARMY, NAVY,
WAR, LABOR
AND THAT
FIVE BUCKS
I NEED TILL
PAYDAY!

OK,
KING!

WHO CAN TELL—WHERE
BIGGER MINDS HAVE
FAILED—MAYBE THAT
SIMPLE MAID CAN CHARM
SOME PEACE INTO THAT
MOB!

AH!
HERE'S
A PAGE
BOY WITH
NEWS!

OKAY, KING—
THE CABINET AGREES
ON ALL THEM BILLS—
ARMY, NAVY, WAR
LABOR AN' ALL
THAT STUFF!

UNITY AT
LAST!—THAT
GIRL'S A
GENIUS!

NOT SO
FAST, KING—
THE
CABINET'S
STILL
FUSSIN'
ABOUT A
FEW
MINOR
ITEMS.

ONE OF 'EM IS
ASSASSINATIN'
YOU AND
MAKIN' THAT
GAL THE
QUEEN!

WHAT?

AND
THE OTHER
IS—WHICH ONE
OF THEM IS
TAKING
HER TO LUNCH!

I THOUGHT
OF PUTTIN'
THE SKIDS
UNDER THE
KING,
DIDN'T I?

YES—BUT I
SUGGESTED
MAKIN' HER
TH' QUEEN!

WELL, I'M TAKIN' HER
TO LUNCH!

THE QUEEN
DINES WITH
ME!

IN
WHAT
HOSPITAL
—OW!

BOZO the ROBOT

by WAYNE REID.

INDESTRUCTABLE,
THE IRON MAN,
CONTROLLED
FROM THE INSIDE,
BY
HUGH HAZZARD,
BATTLES
UNTIRINGLY
AGAINST
FOREIGN FORCES
WHOSE AIM
IS THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
DEMOCRACY—



IN THE OFFICE OF THE WAR
DEPARTMENT, IN WASHINGTON—

KELLY, HERE'S ALL THE
DATA WE'VE EVER COLLECTED
ON THE GESTAPO IN
THIS COUNTRY, DELIVER
IT TO THE F.B.I.—

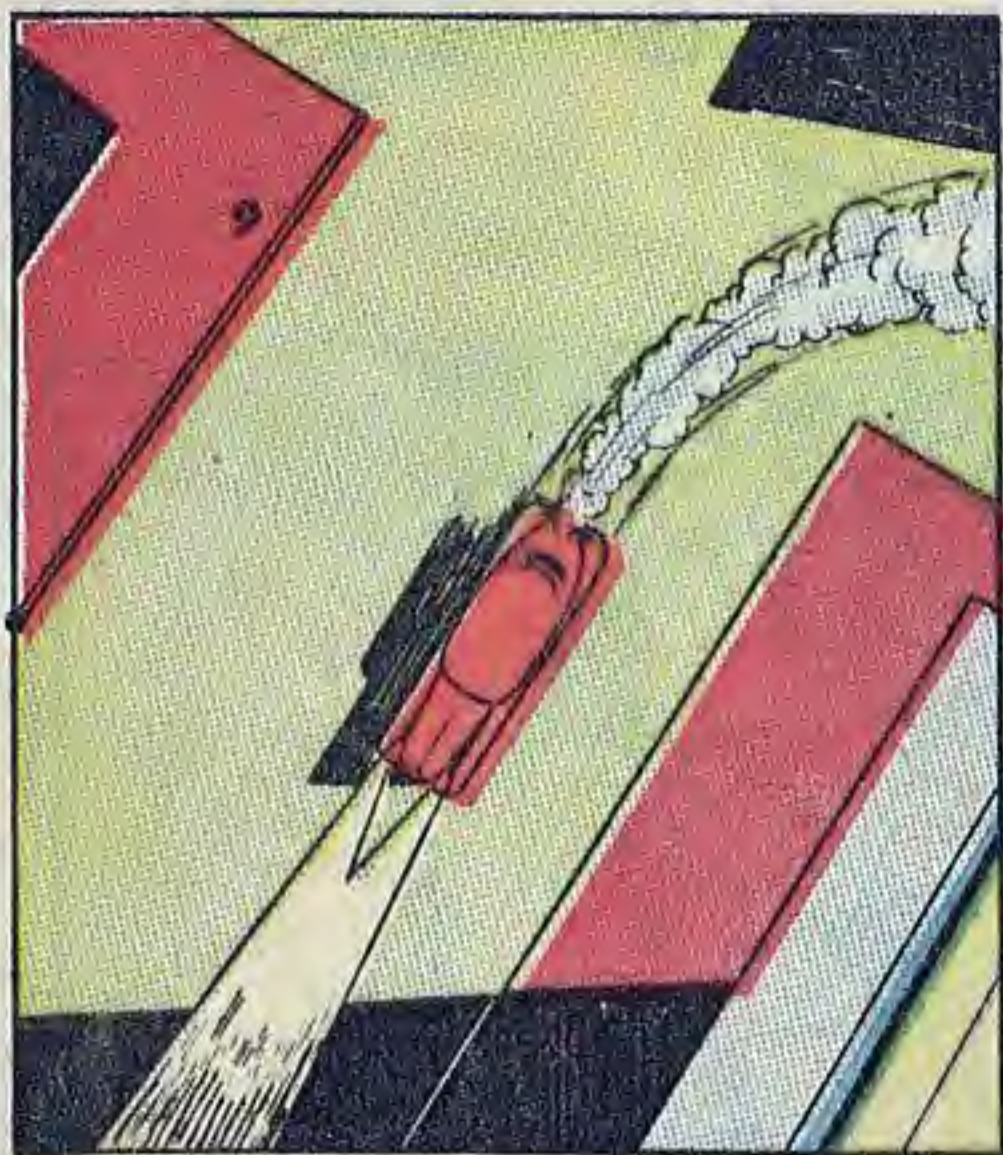
YOU
BET—

AND WITH THOSE
BOYS WORKING ON IT,
HITLER'S RATS WILL
BE BEHIND BARS
IN 24 HOURS!

WE HOPE—

SO BE CAREFUL,
THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING
TO GET THESE PAPERS—
GOOD LUCK, KELLY!!

THE MESSENGER SPEEDS THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS TOWARD THE F.B.I.---



AS HE PASSES A CORNER, HE IS WATCHED FROM THE SHADOWS--



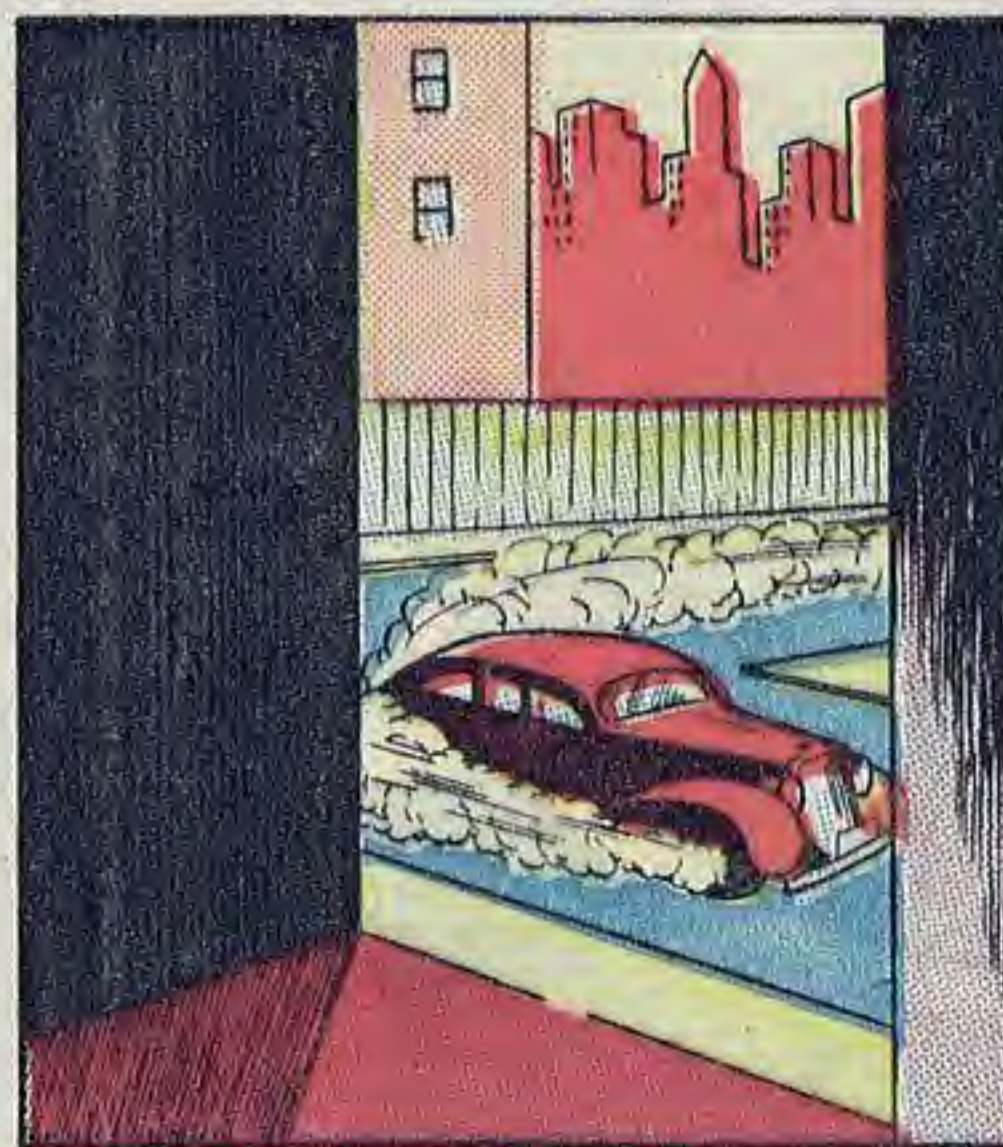
A FLARE GUN IS FIRED INTO THE NIGHT SKY---



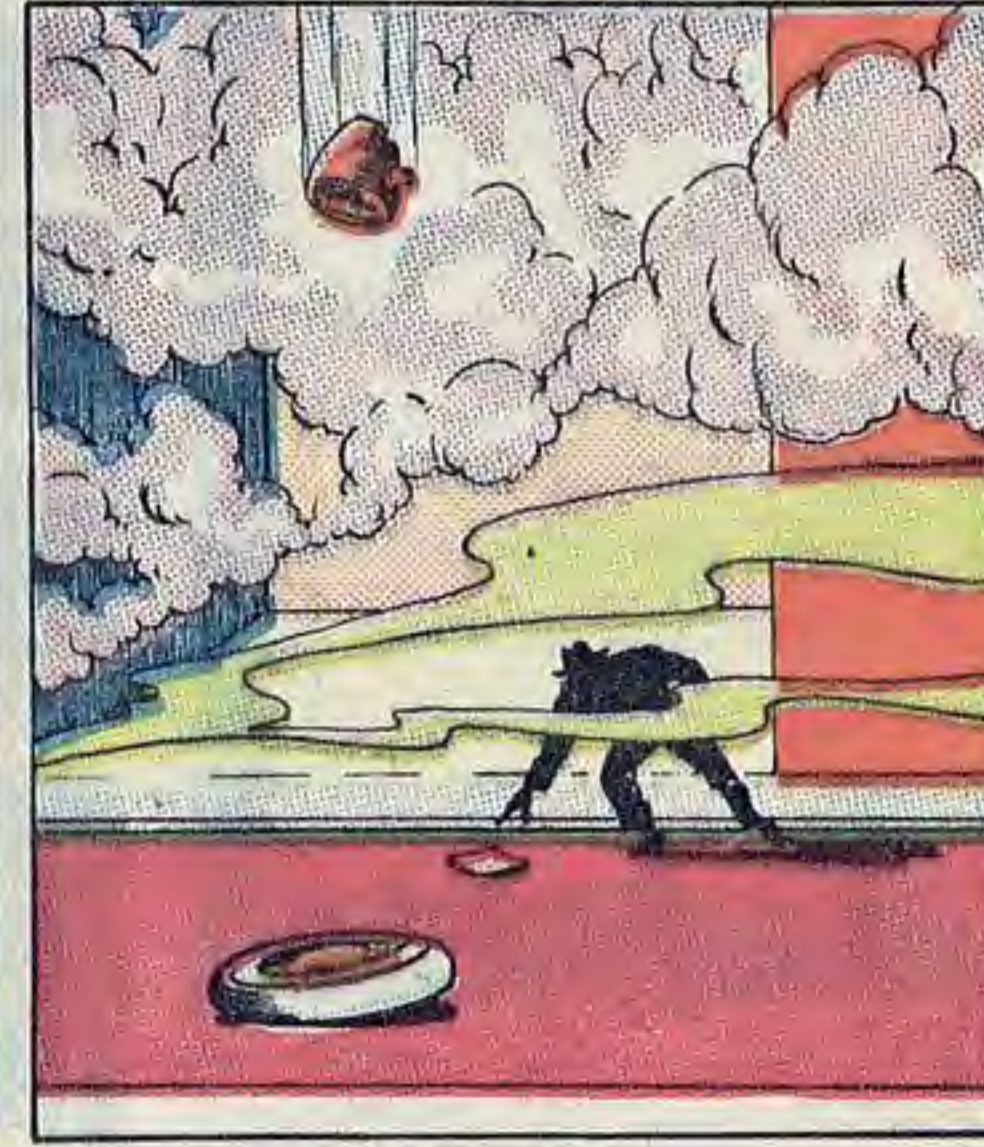
AND CARL IS WARNED!



KELLY'S CAR APPROACHES THE SPOT WHERE THE NAZI IS WAITING----



THE SMOKE CLEARS AND CARL PICKS UP THE CASE CONTAINING THE EVIDENCE.....



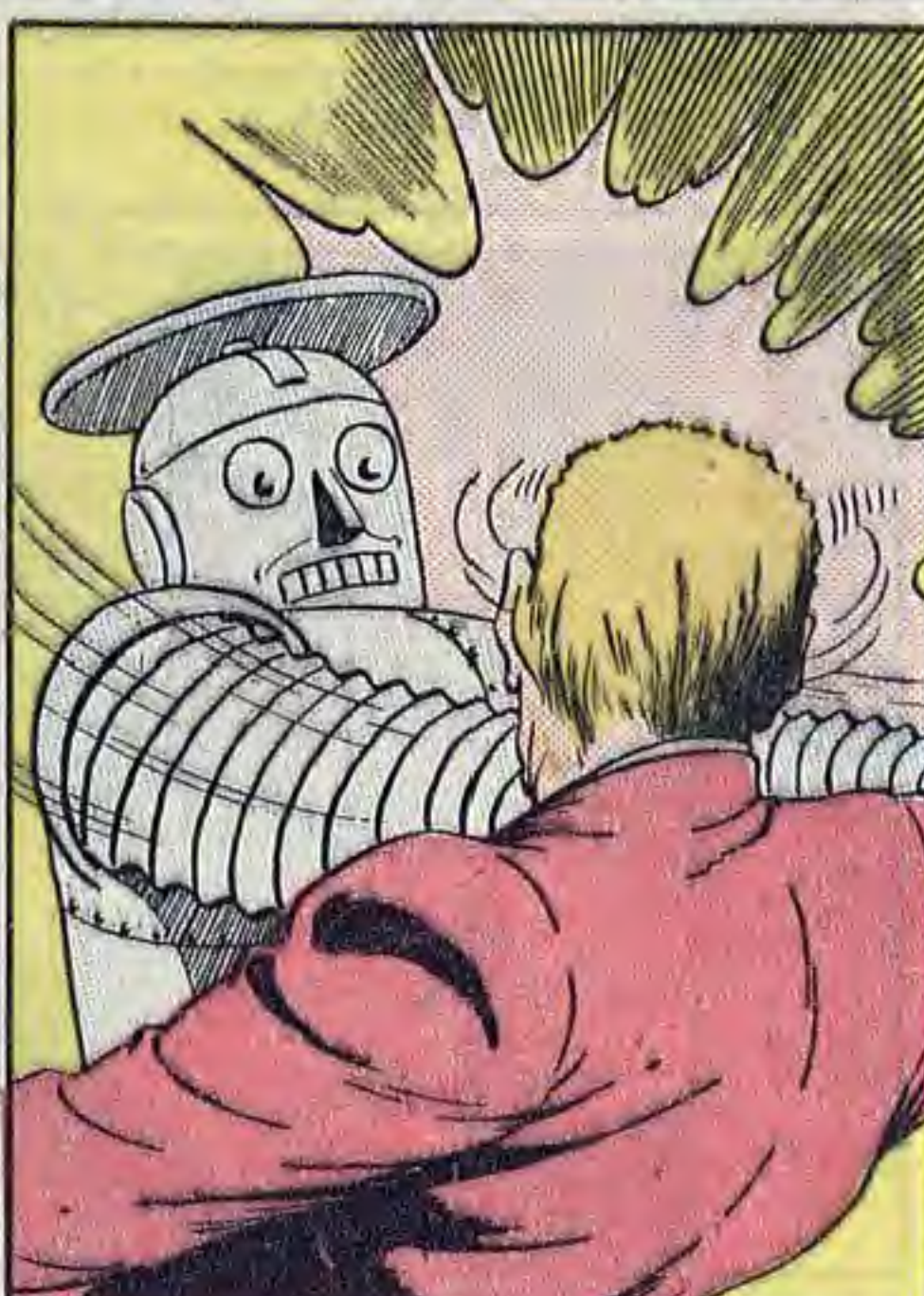
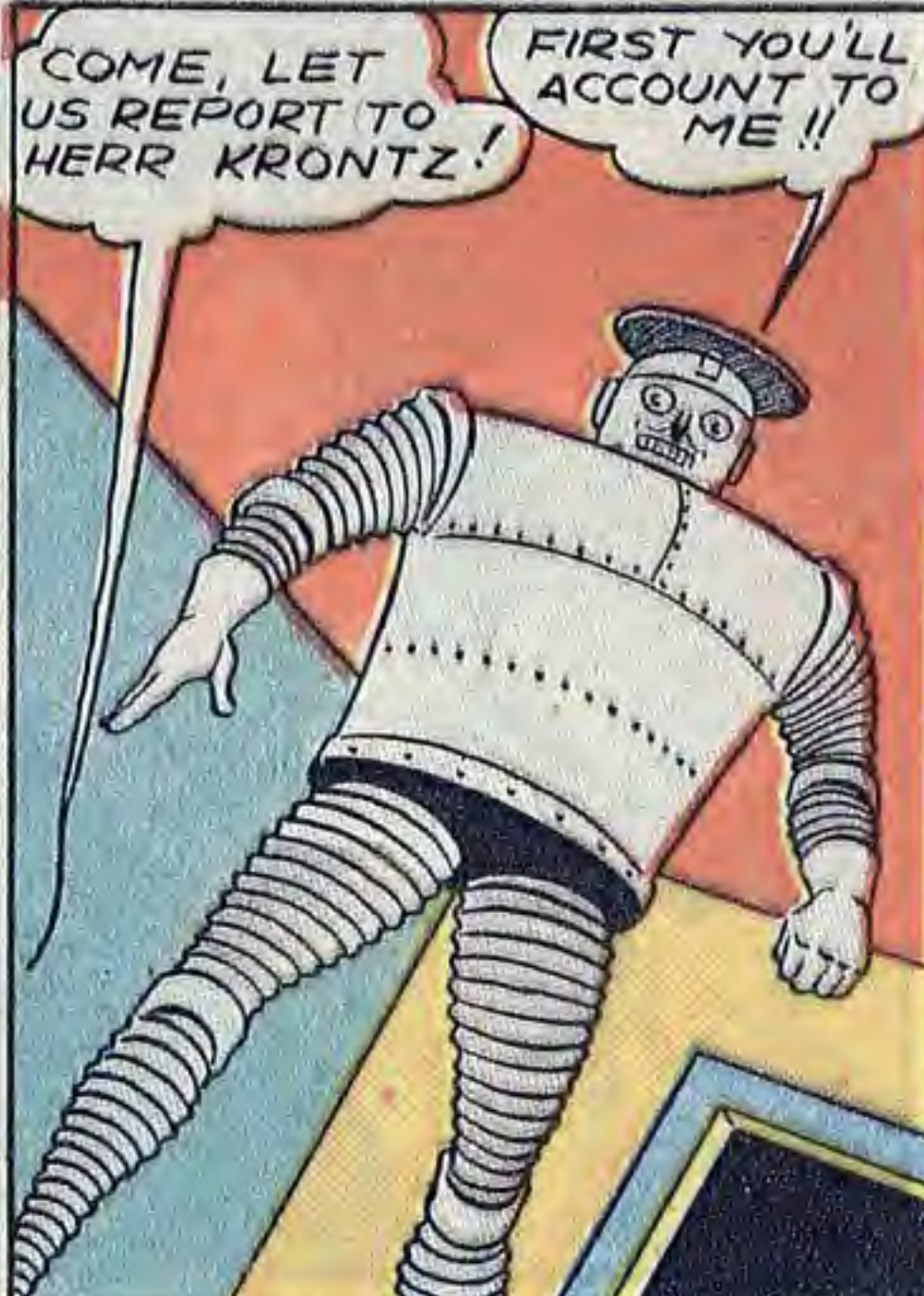
THE TWO SPIES MEET, AND HEAD FOR THE GESTAPO HIDE-OUT---



AT THIS MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE, BOZO WATCHES THE TWO AGENTS ----



THE TWO SPIES ENTER
THE HIDE-OUT---



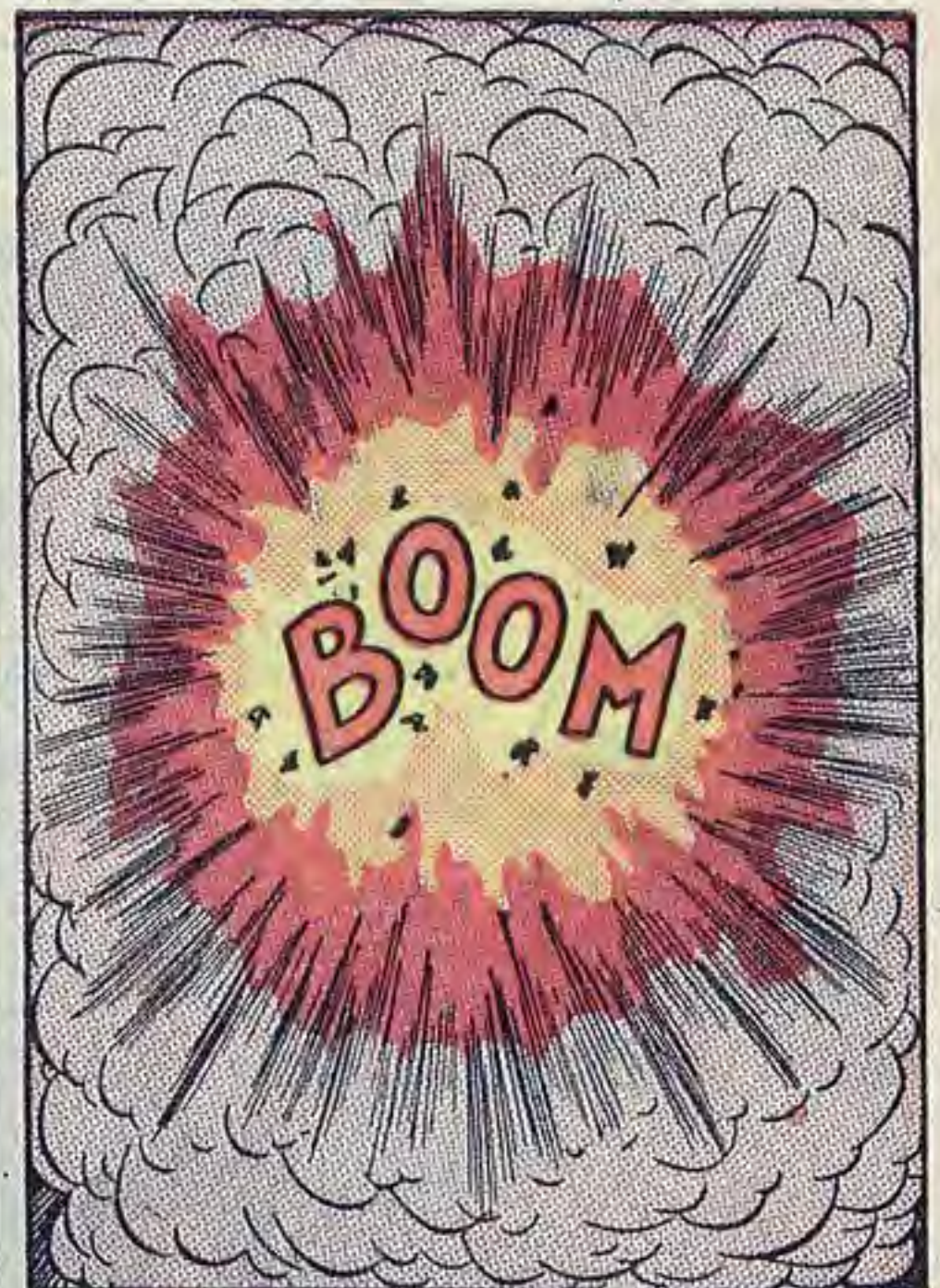


ACH! I'M
GETTING
OUT!!



DIE!!

EYAAAAA!



BOOM



I WONDER IF KRONTZ
THINKS I DON'T KNOW
HE LEFT-- I'LL FIND HIM
IF IT TAKES ALL
NIGHT!



MEANWHILE, KRONTZ KEEPS
TO THE SHADOWS, MAKING
HIS WAY TOWARD A SECOND
HIDE-OUT---



THERE!
HE IS!



FRITZ,
LET ME IN--
QUICK--

JA-
COMING--



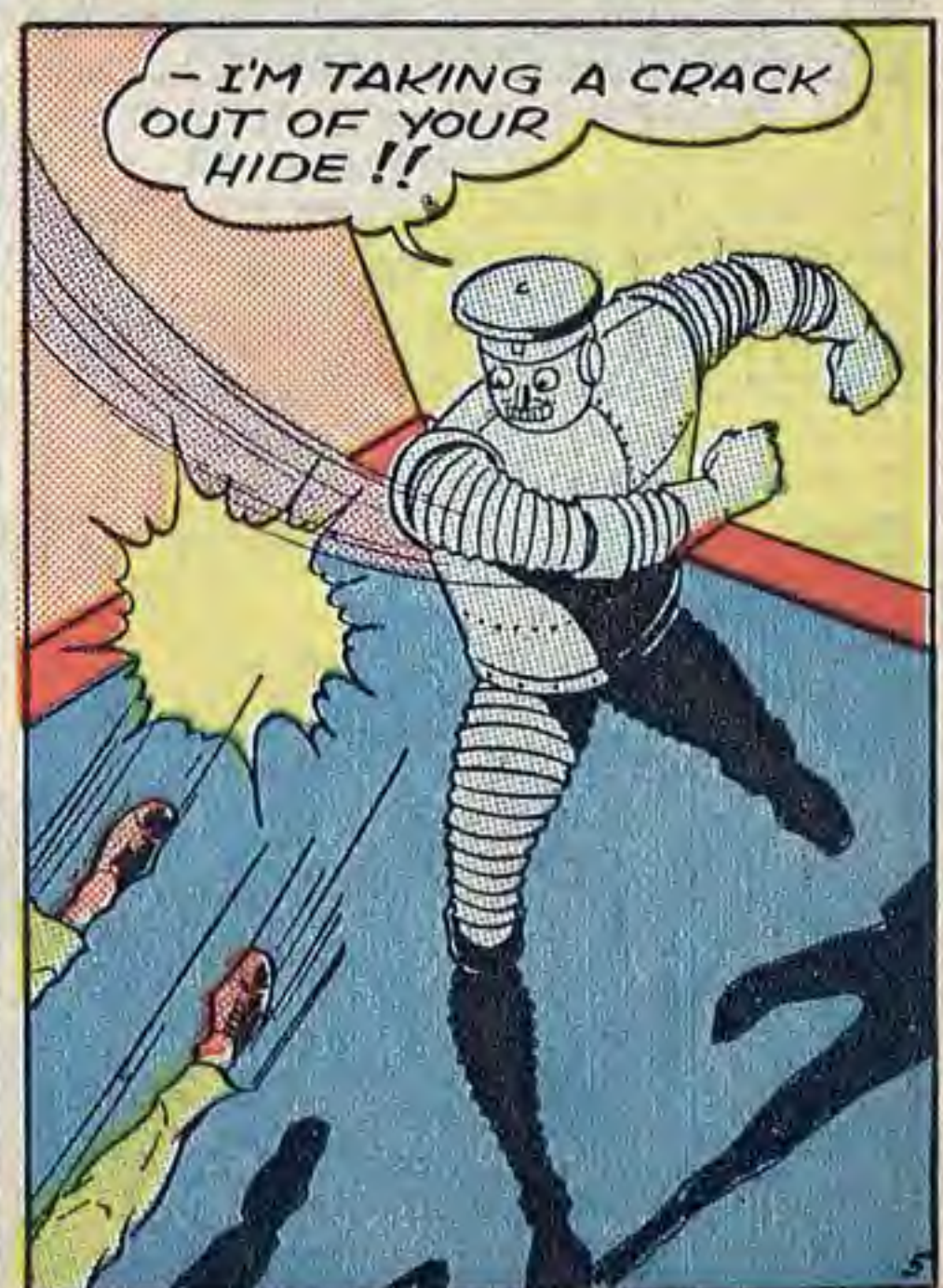
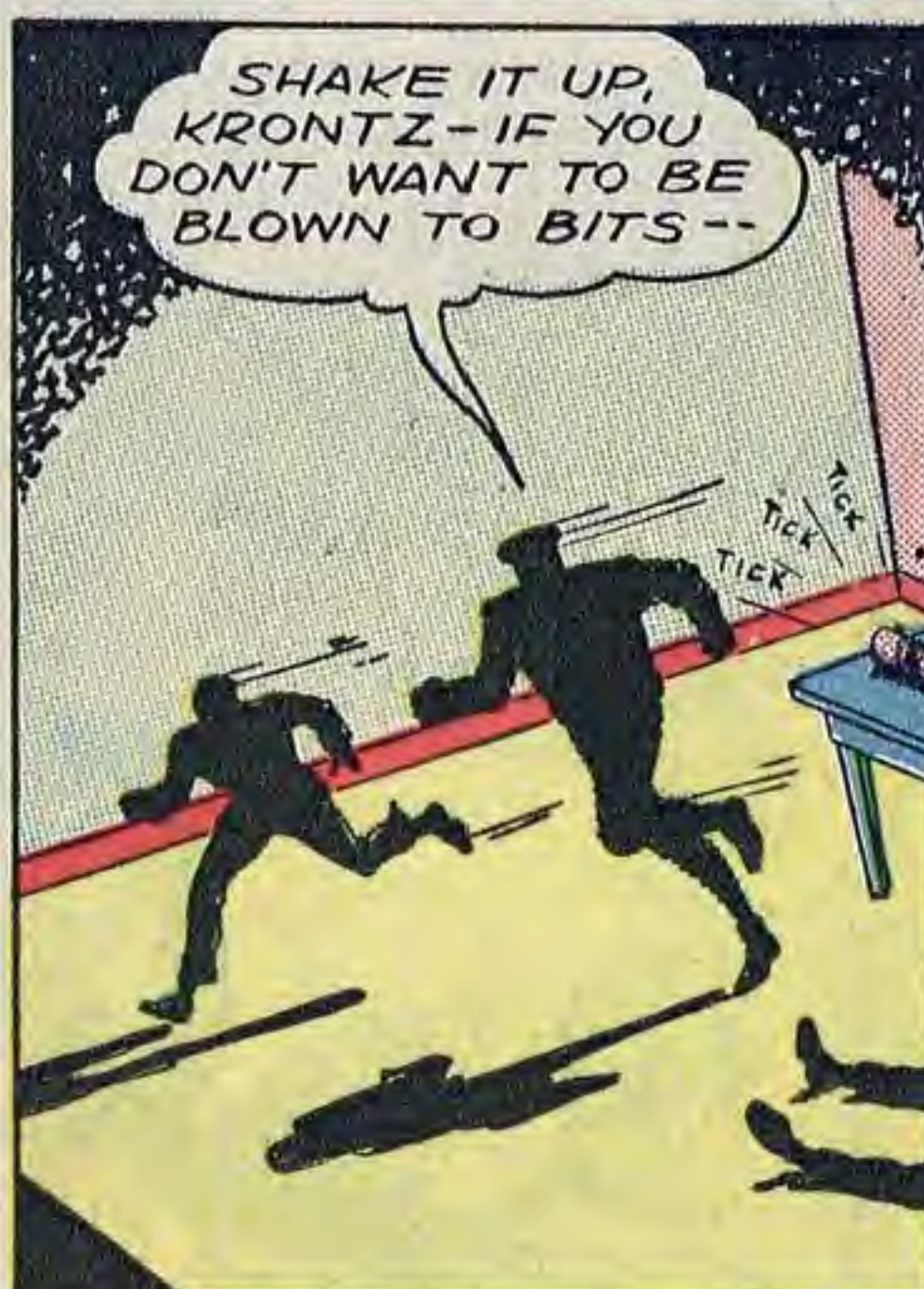
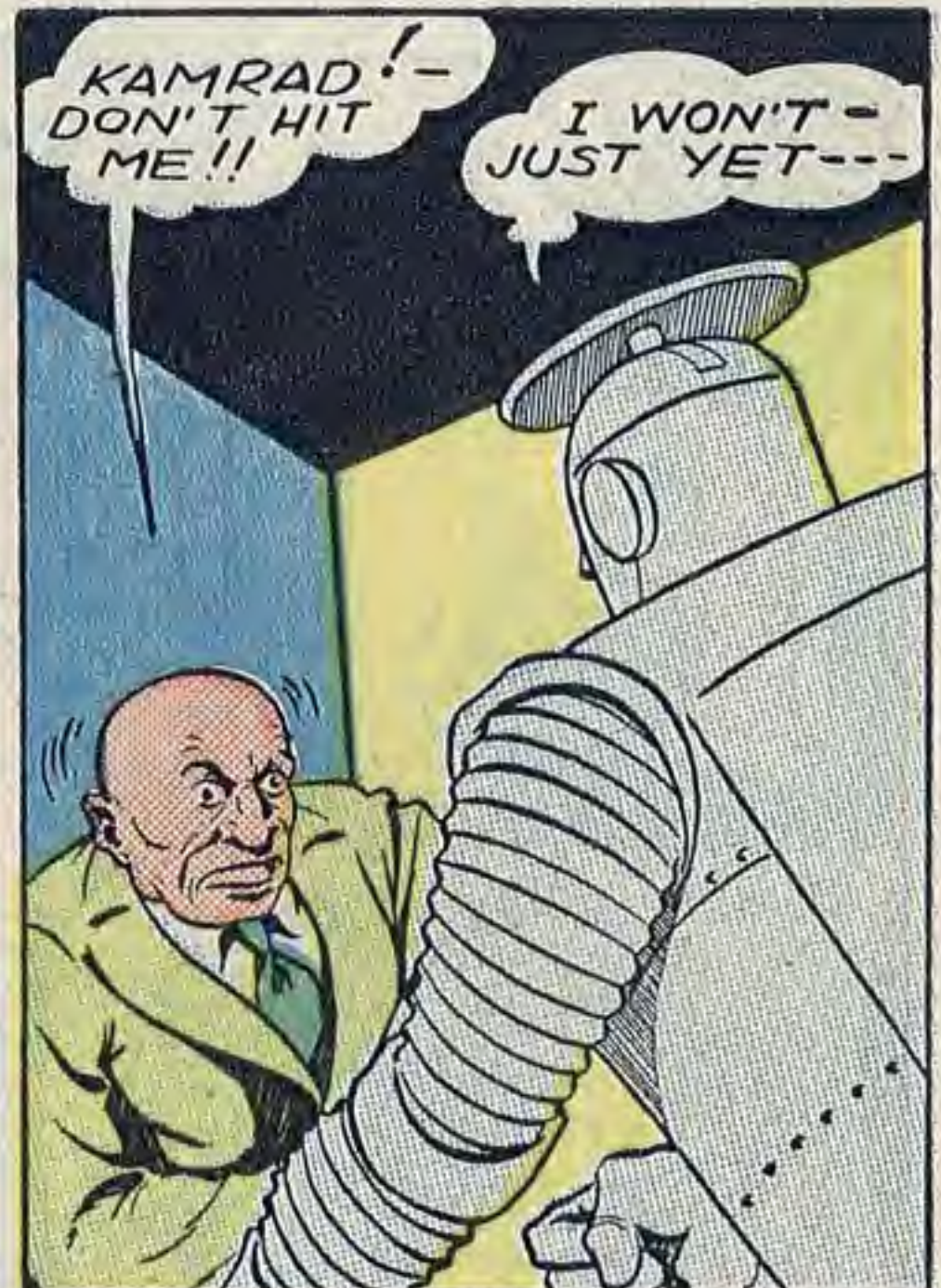
VOT'S DER
TROUBLE?

OUR SPY RING,
DER IRON MAN
BROKE IT UP--
BUT VE ARE
NOT LICKED
YET--



I VANT YOU SHOULD MAKE
A BOMB-- VE ARE GOING
TO BLOW UP DER
CAPITAL UND LEAVE
FOR DER
HOMELAND!

I GOT
VUN ALL
READY!



By S. M. Regi

**IN DESPERATE STRAITS, THE BOYS
AWAIT AN INTERVIEW AT AN EMPLOY-
MENT AGENCY. . .**

WE'RE
TAKING
THE FIRST
JOB
THAT'S
OFFERED!

MY NAME'S FRAZER.
MEET ME AT MY OFFICE
ON BROAD STREET
IN A HALF HOUR. I
THINK I CAN USE YOU.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO ASK
US TWICE!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT ME!



AS THEY APPROACH THE FRAZER MANSION, THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE TREACHEROUS GREETING AWAITING THEM...



A MINUTE LATER, THE BUTLER ADMITS WARREN AND TINY.

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THE GUARDS, I PRESUME?

YEAH! WHERE'S OUR PAL?

WELL, FELLOWS, I GOT HIM, BUT..

WHA...?

BUT HE GOT AWAY, EH?

SOON, THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING..

HMM.. WE SHOULDN'T BE HUNGRY WHEN WE LEAVE THIS JOB?

LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?

KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK, BOYS!

SOME REFRESHMENTS, SIR?

WELL NOW, I THINK I WILL.. THANKS!

JUST A MINUTE, ROMEO, YOU WANTED TO BE A GUARD. REMEMBER?

WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY!

THE AUCTION GETS UNDER WAY.

WELL, FOLKS, WHAT'S THE BID FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL PAINTING? REMEMBER THE PROCEEDS ARE FOR WAR RELIEF!

I'LL SAY TWO HUNDRED.

PATRIOTICALLY, WARREN USES HIS GIFT OF VENTRILOQUISM TO BOOST THE PRICES.

I'LL MAKE IT FIVE HUNDRED!

BY THROWING HIS VOICE OVER VARIOUS PARTS OF THE HOUSE, WARREN IS INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING LARGE SUMS FOR THE FINAL PURCHASE PRICE OF THE PAINTINGS.

SOLD FOR FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS! A BARGAIN!

WOW!

\$1,000

\$1,125

\$1500

GOOD WORK, WARREN!

Finally, THE AUCTION COMES TO AN END.



BUT... THE SIGHT OF THE BUTLER CARRYING THE GOODS FROM THE AUCTION TO A WAITING TRUCK, ATTRACTS TINY.





BANG



WHAT THE?! A BLOW-OUT?

I CAN'T RUN ON THREE TIRES WITH THIS LOAD!



YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?



YEAH, GUESS WHO?



HE KNOCKED HIM COLD!

HERE COMES THE LITTLE ONE!



WHY YOU..!

Later...



GET GOIN'! NEVER MIND THE BLOWOUT?

I HOPE HE DOESN'T SEE ME OPEN THIS DOOR!



THANKS FOR THE ASSISTANCE, TINY. HELLO RATS! YOU'RE COMING WITH US!!



THESE THIEVES WILL BE PROPERLY TAKEN CARE OF, BOYS... AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T PLACE YOU IN MY GOOD FRIEND'S CHAIN OF VAUDEVILLE HOUSES?

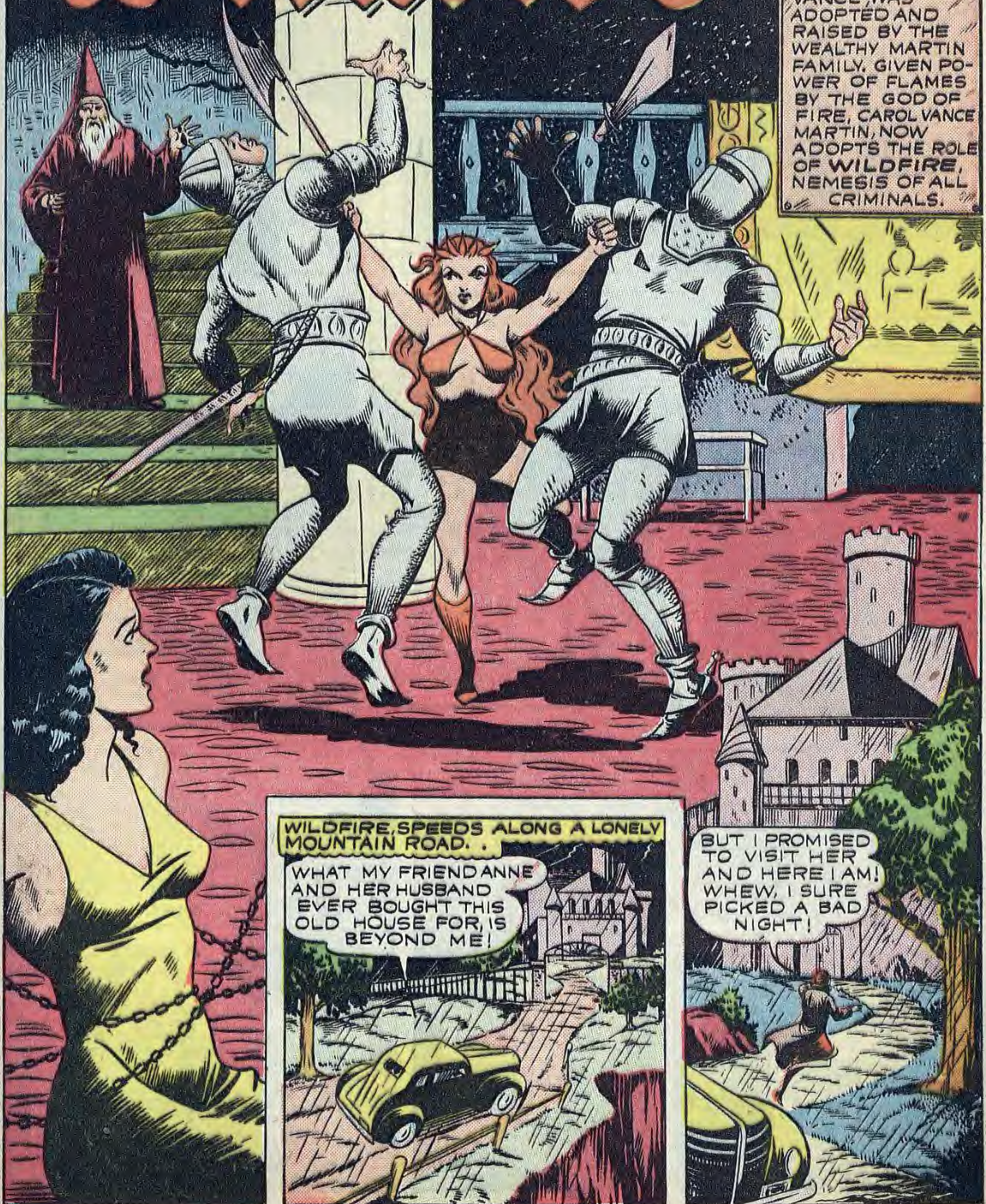
THANKS, MR. FRAZER!

OH HUM.. IT'S EASY, IF YOU KNOW HOW!

Wildfire

by Jim Mooney
and Robert Turner

WHEN HER PARENTS WERE KILLED IN A FOREST FIRE, CAROL VANCE WAS ADOPTED AND RAISED BY THE WEALTHY MARTIN FAMILY. GIVEN POWER OF FLAMES BY THE GOD OF FIRE, CAROL VANCE MARTIN, NOW ADOPTS THE ROLE OF WILDFIRE, NEMESIS OF ALL CRIMINALS.



WILDFIRE SPEEDS ALONG A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD.

WHAT MY FRIEND ANNE AND HER HUSBAND EVER BOUGHT THIS OLD HOUSE FOR, IS BEYOND ME!

BUT I PROMISED TO VISIT HER AND HERE I AM! WHEW, I SURE PICKED A BAD NIGHT!

UGH! WHOEVER DESIGNED THIS KNOCKER SURE HAD POOR TASTE!



THE-THE DOOR OPENED OF ITS OWN ACCORD. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS ALREADY!



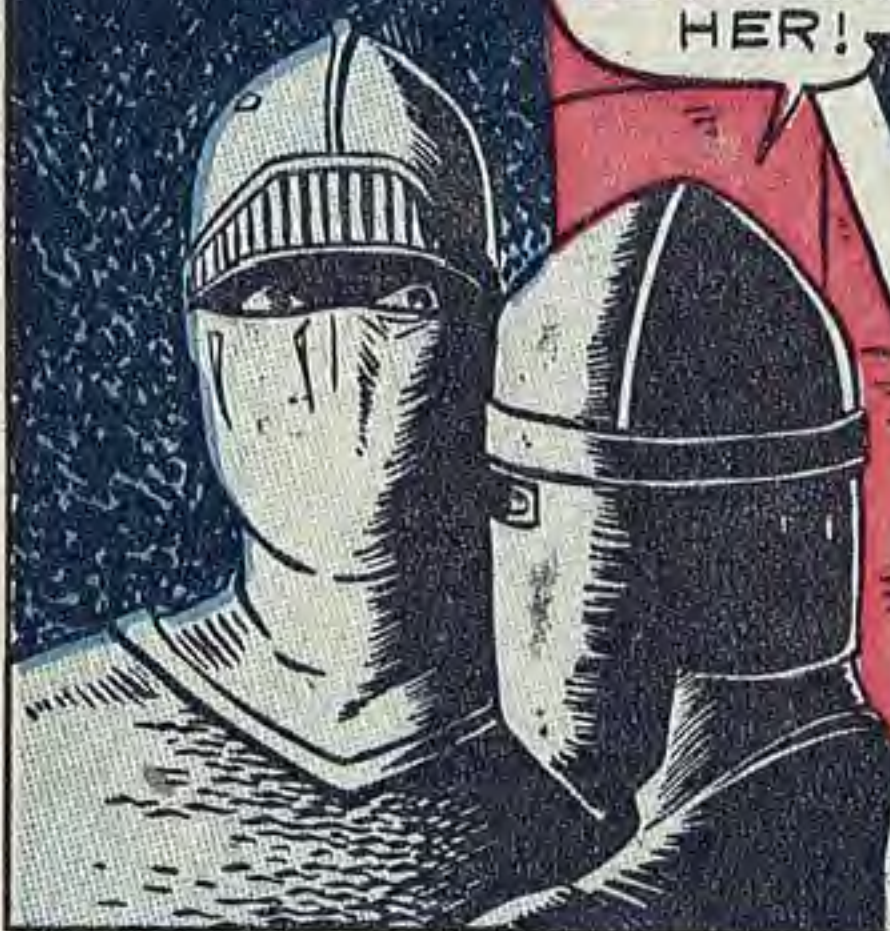
HEY, ANNE, JOHN! WHERE ARE YOU?



OOOH! THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR... ALIVE!

SHE SEEMS TO BE ALONE!

YEAH! SHE WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE! LET'S GRAB HER!



THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK AND THE STRANGE COSTUMES OF THE MEN ARE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN CAROL...

GOT HER!



WE'LL TAKE HER DOWN TO THE BOSS!



DOWN DARK STONE STEPS, INTO THE DARK DUNGEON-LIKE PASSAGEWAYS, CAROL'S WEIRD CAPTORS TROUPE...



MERLIN, SIR, WE CAUGHT HER ENTERING THE HOUSE!

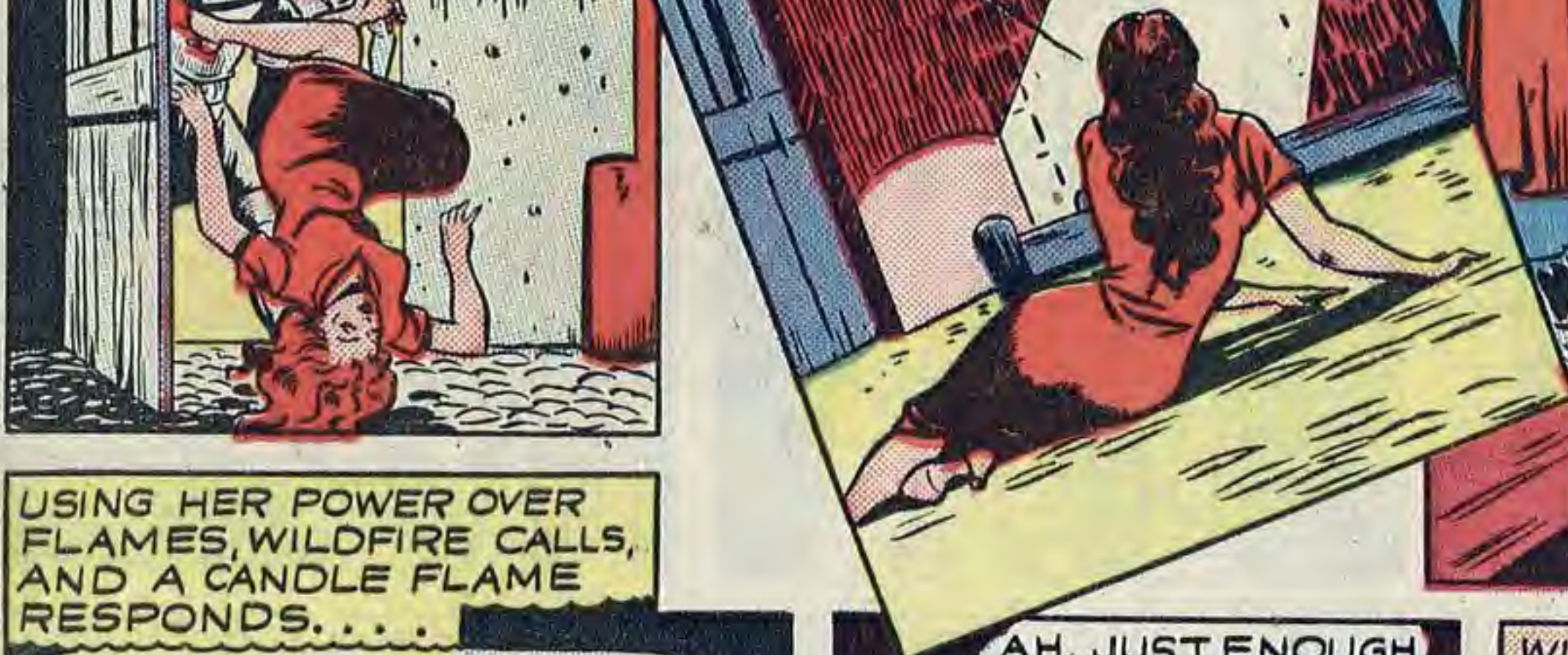
PROBABLY A FRIEND OF ANNE AND JOHN HAYNES! WELL, MAD MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN IS A GOOD HOST! SHOW HER TO THE GUEST ROOM. HEH! HEH!



THE ARMORED HOODLUMS
CARRY CAROL TO A RE-
MOTE PART OF THE
CELLAR, AND. . . .



SOON SHE RE-
COVERS FROM THE
BLOW ON HER HEAD.
WHAT AM I DOING HERE? OH,
NOW I REMEMBER..THOSE
ARMORED MEN..THE OLD
CASTLE...



PERHAPS AS
WILDFIRE,
I CAN GET OUT
OF HERE AND
SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON!



USING HER POWER OVER
FLAMES, WILDFIRE CALLS,
AND A CANDLE FLAME
RESPONDS. . . .

HEY MERLIN, LOOK AT THAT
FLAME. IF THAT'S SOME OF
YOUR MAGIC, STOP IT, IT GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!



EH? I'M
PRACTISING NO MAGIC!
BETTER FOLLOW
THAT FLAME!

AH, JUST ENOUGH
FLAMES TO
MOLD A
CUTLASS!



WILDFIRE SLASHES THE
BARS, MELTING THEM
THROUGH. . . .



HEY! WHO
ARE YOU?!



SOMEONE WHO'S GOING
TO MELT YOU OUT OF
THAT IRON TUXEDO, SO
THAT I WON'T BRUISE
MY FISTS!



SWINGING THE CUT-
LASS, WILDFIRE
CLEAVES THE AR-
MOR DOWN THE
MIDDLE. . .

MY ARMOR!



THAT, SONNY BOY, IS FOR TRYING YOUR MONKEY-SHINES ON A PEACE LOVING YOUNG LADY!



MISS, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT COULD YOU HELP US?

ANNE AND JOHN HAYNES!



WILDFIRE MELTS THE CHAINS FROM HER FRIENDS. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US TURN THE TABLES ON THAT MAD MERLIN!

I WILL IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!



THIS OLD CASTLE ONCE BELONGED TO A MISERLY OLD UNCLE OF JOHN'S. WHEN THE UNCLE DIED, HE WILLED JOHN AN OLD SEA CHEST, IN WHICH WAS A LETTER DESCRIBING WHERE HE HAD HIDDEN A TRUNKFUL OF GOLD, HERE IN THE CASTLE!



SOON AS WE FOUND IT, WE BOUGHT THE PROPERTY WHICH HAD BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS AND MOVED OUT TO LOOK FOR THE TREASURE!

BUT THIS MERLIN AND HIS CREW, STOPPED HERE FOR SHELTER AND CAUGHT US DIGGING FOR THE CHEST. HE IMMEDIATELY REALIZED WHAT WAS UP AND MADE US PRISONERS!



SO HE'S AFTER THE GOLD, IS HE? WE'LL TRY TO BREAK UP HIS LITTLE GAME!



WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CELLARS OF THE CASTLE. . .

SURE IS (GRUNT) HEAVY!

WE'VE FOUND IT! HURRY UP AND BRING IT HERE!



GOLD! GOLD!

PSST! THERE THEY ARE, THEY'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!





THAT GOLD IS NOT FOR YOU GHOULS! OUT OF THE WAY!

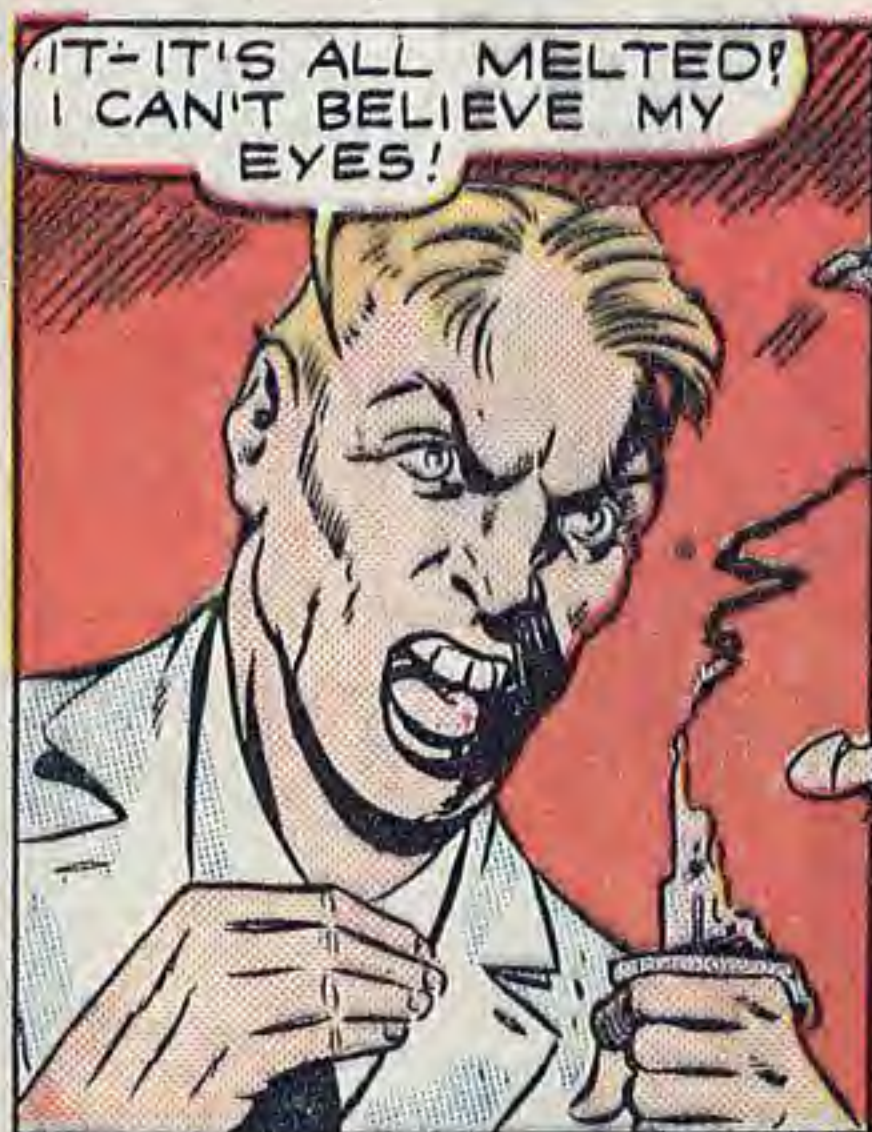


ATTACK HER, YOU FOOLS, SHE IS ONLY A WOMAN!

I'M GOING TO NEED MY SHIELD OF FLAMES ONCE MORE!



THE THUGS STRIKE, BUT THEIR WEAPONS GRAZE THE FLAME SHIELD AND THE METAL MELTS.



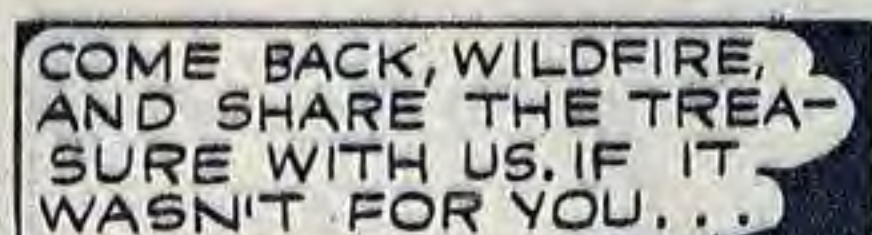
IT-IT'S ALL MELTED! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!



THEN CLOSE THEM AND GO TO SLEEP!



WILDFIRE, THEN FLIES INTO A WHIRLWIND ATTACK, COMPLETELY SUBDUING THE WHOLE GANG.



COME BACK, WILDFIRE, AND SHARE THE TREASURE WITH US. IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU...



NO THANKS. I'VE GOT TO BE GOING. TIE UP YOUR PRISONERS AND CALL THE POLICE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, SHE RETURNS AS CAROL MARTIN.



OH, HERE YOU ARE. I CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO VISIT YOU AND-WHAT'S GOING ON!

CAROL MARTIN! GOSH IT'S A GOOD THING THAT YOU DIDN'T COME OUT HERE ANY SOONER!



YOU MEAN IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU THAT I DID!



MIDNIGHT



WOW!

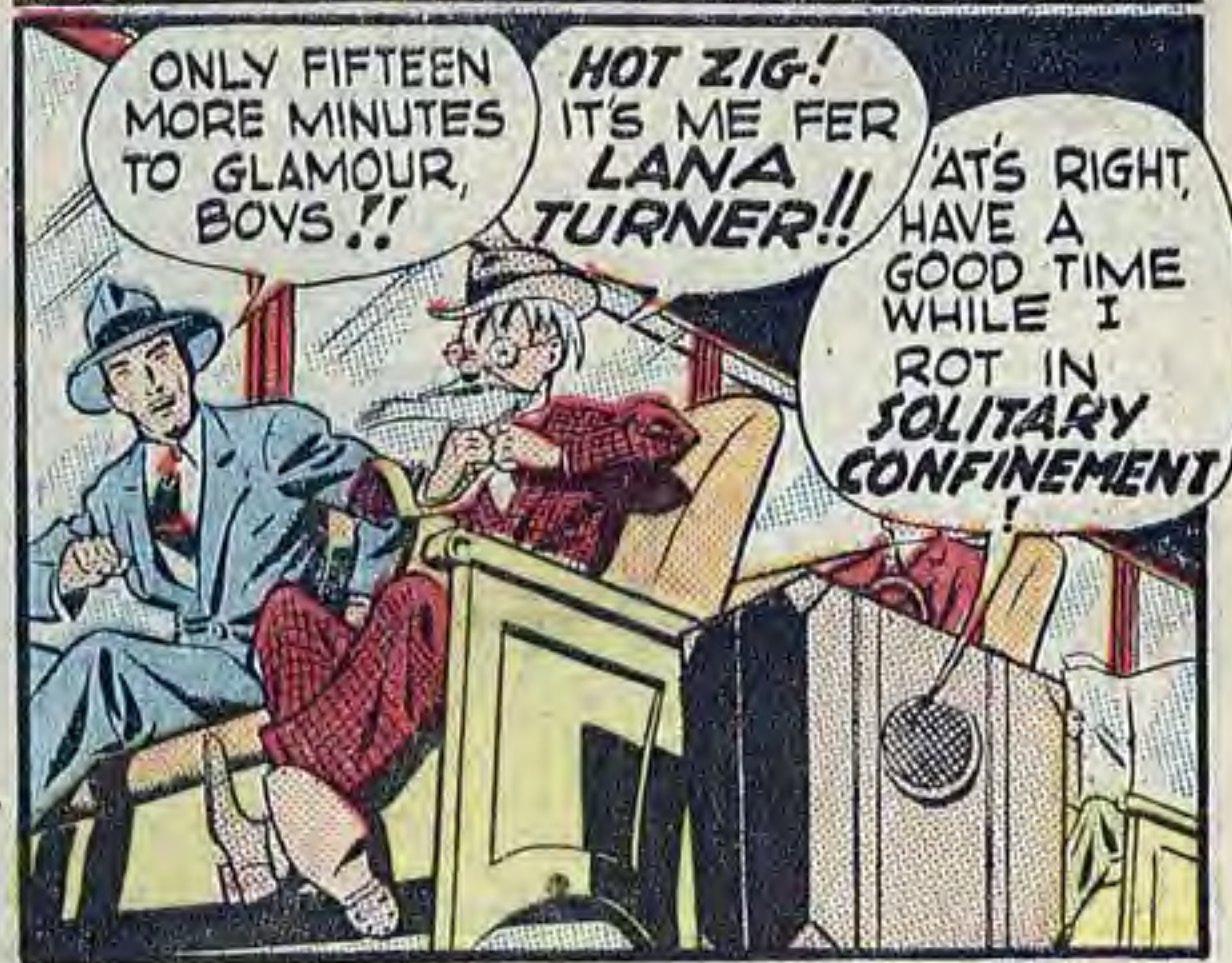
THERE'S *joy* Derrine!

THERE SHE IS!!

SOME CLASS!

RADIO ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK, GOES TO HOLLYWOOD TO BROADCAST A MOVIE PREMIERE BUT MURDER TUNES IN UNEXPECTEDLY..... SO, WITH HIS TWO ABLE AIDES, DOC WACKY AND GABBY THE TALKING MONKEY, HE DONS THE GARB OF MIDNIGHT AND PLUNGES INTO ANOTHER WHIRLPOOL OF MYSTERY.....

ON BOARD A HOLLYWOOD-BOUND TRAIN:



ONLY FIFTEEN MORE MINUTES TO GLAMOUR, BOYS!!

HOT ZIG! IT'S ME FER LANA TURNER!!

'AT'S RIGHT, HAVE A GOOD TIME WHILE I ROT IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!



WELL, HERE WE ARE!

VERONICA LAKE!!

HEY! TAKE IT EASY!!



ER, PARDON, MISS LAKE, BUT MAY I HAVE YOUR- ANN SHERIDAN!!













WINGS WENDALL

BY
VERNON
HENKEL

THE
TIME...
EARLY
DAWN...
THE
PLACE...
SOME-
WHERE
IN
GERMANY!



SOON AN ALLIED BOMBER
GLIDES DOWN OUT OF
THE OVERCAST SKY.
GERMAN GUNS
GO INTO
ACTION

INSIDE THE PLANE, WINGS WENDALL,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST FLYER, SCANS
A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE...



TSK TSK!! SUCH
POOR MARKSMEN..
WELL I GUESS IT'S
ABOUT TIME TO
START MY SHOW!!



THIS INFLAMMABLE
DEVICE WILL MAKE
THEM THINK THEY
HIT MY SHIP!!



GUT
GEFCHOFFEN!
DER AIRPLANE
IST ENDEN!!



TAKE DER
PILOT ALIVE
!!

NOW TO ACT
LIKE I'M PUTTING
UP A LITTLE
RESISTANCE!



SCHWEIN!
SHTOP OR VE
SHOOT!



LOOK, FELDHERR
KUNKLE, DESE PAPERS
SHOW HE ISS DER
AMERIKANER, WINGS
WENDALL!!



ZO!

MEAN-
WHILE
AT
THE
DREADED
GESTAPO
HEAD-
QUARTERS
IN
BERLIN..



COME, DR.
REINHARDT, IT
ISS USELESS
TO RESIST
US!!



TELL HITLER
AND HIS PACK
OF VERMIN,
THEY'LL NEVER
GET MY EX-
PLOSIVE FORMULA
FOR HELIUM X,
IF YOU TORTURE
ME FROM NOW
UNTIL
DOOMSDAY!



INSULT
DER
FUEHRER
!!



HEH, HEH!! MAYBE
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT
I MUST REMIND YOU
DAT YOU HAFFA
BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER!



YES..EVEN NOW
DER GESTAPO ISS
BRINGING HER TO
CHERMANY..WE VILL
SEE DEN IF YOU
VILL CHANGE YOUR
MIND!!

NO!

YOU
CAN'T
HARM
MY
DAUGHTER
!!



MAJOR Pincer,
FELDHERR KUNKLE
HASS CAPTURED WINGS
WENDALL...AND YUNTS
YOU TO QVESTION
HIM!!

GOOT!



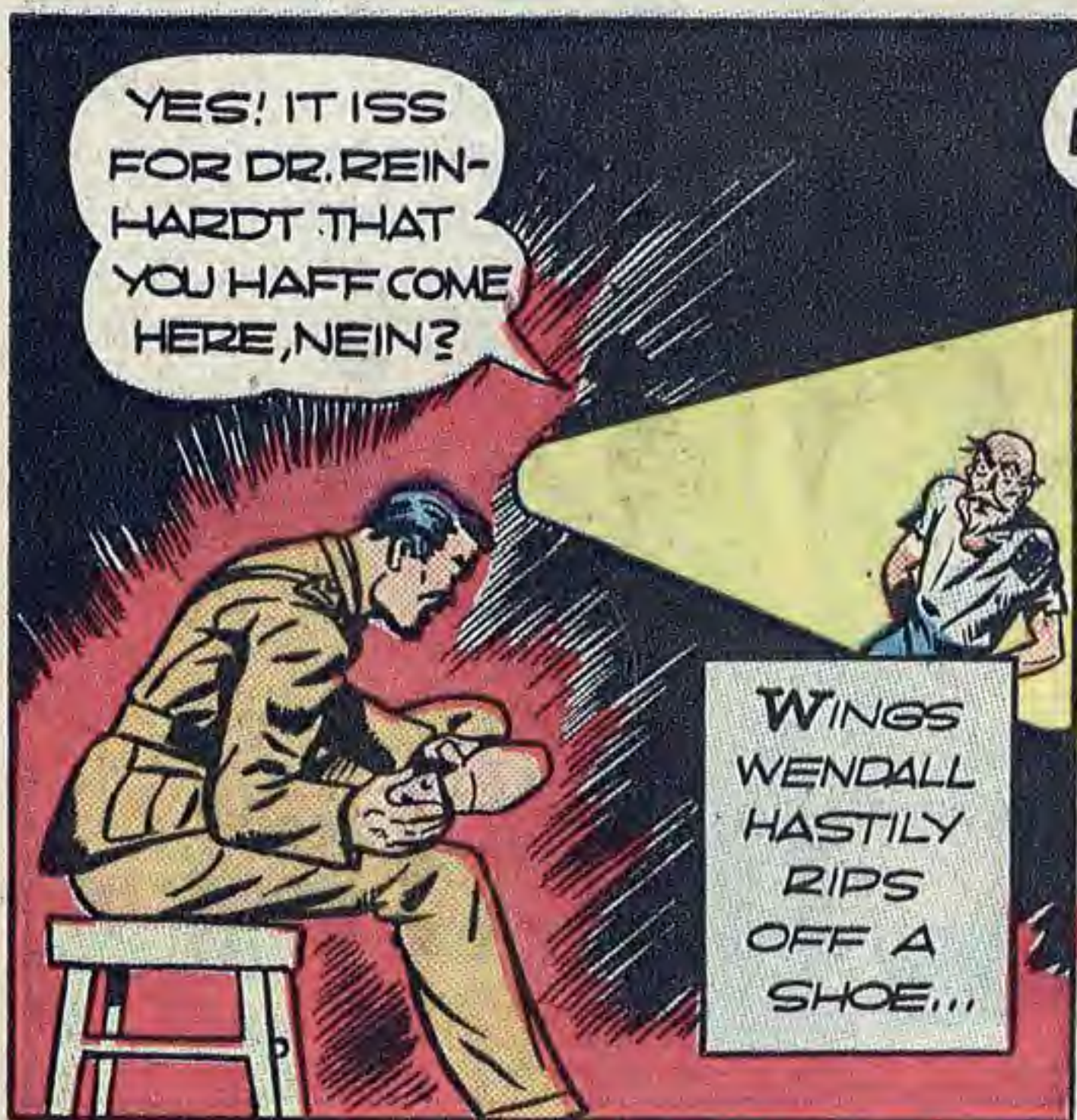
SOON WINGS IS LED INTO A
LARGE DARKENED ROOM...

?? NO
LIGHTS?
WHERE AM
I ??



..THEN A BLIND-
ING LAMP IS
TURNED ON HIM!

YOU
CANNOT
SEE US BEHIND
THIS LIGHT, BUT
WE HAFF A
GUN TRAINED
ON YOU ALL
THE TIME!!







NOW, DOCTOR, SHOW US DER FORMULA OR VEMAR YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEAUTIFUL BODY!!



NO! YOU CAN'T DO IT... I'LL GIVE IN!! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THE EXPLOSIVE IF YOU LET MY DAUGHTER GO FREE! :SOB:-



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE..

VAS IST?

PUT ZEM UP, WINGS WENDALL..VE FOUND DER GUARD DOWN DER ROAD!

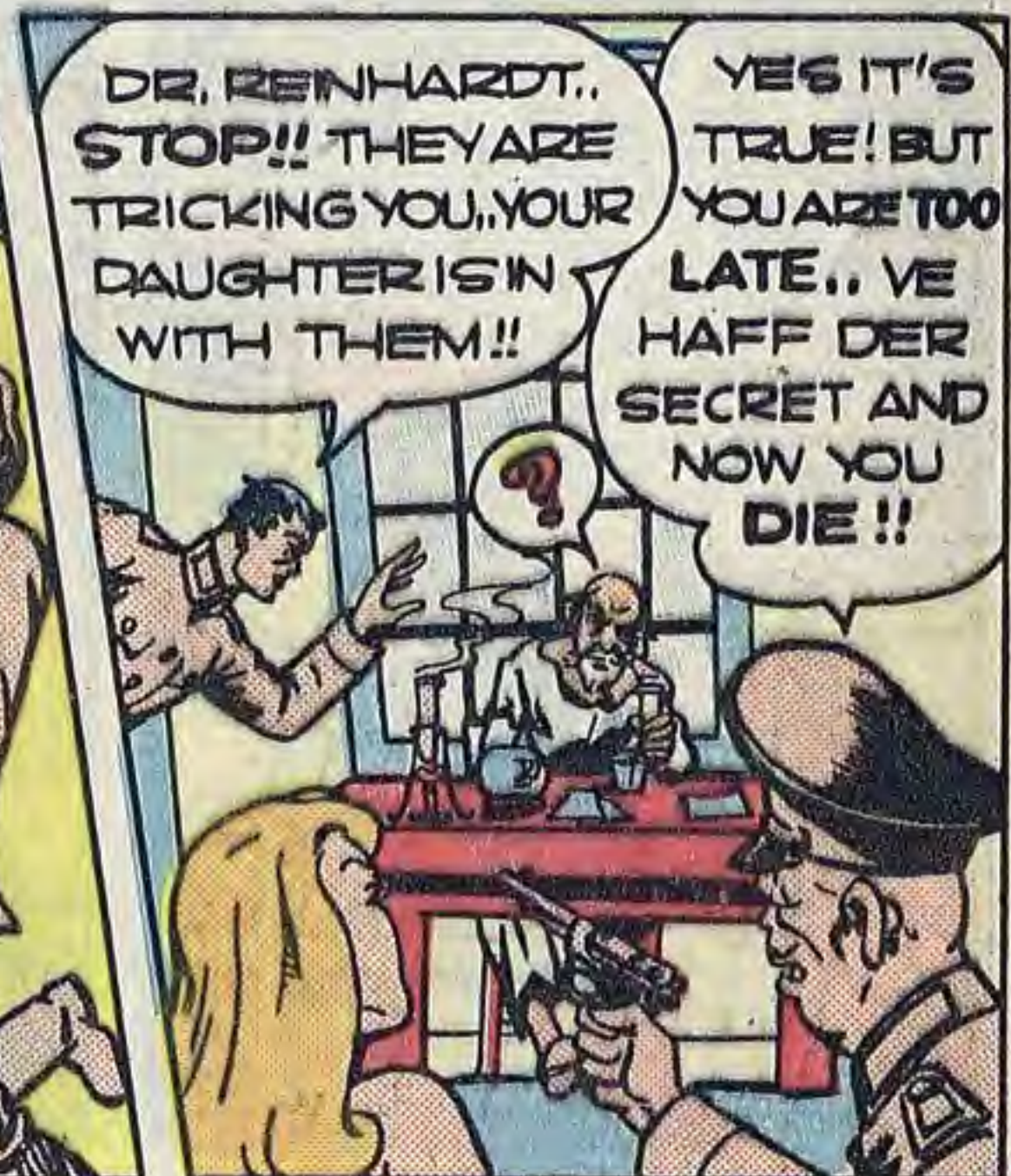


HAVE A COAL SCUTTLE!!

BONG!



I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM FROM GIVING UP HIS FORMULA!



DR. REINHARDT.. STOP!! THEY ARE TRICKING YOU..YOUR DAUGHTER IS IN WITH THEM!!

YES IT'S TRUE! BUT YOU ARE TOO LATE.. VE HAFF DER SECRET AND NOW YOU DIE!!



WAIT! WHEN I DROP THIS EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM DIES!! I NO LONGER HAVE ANYTHING TO LIVE FOR..ONLY YOU, WINGS, MAY LEAVE..HURRY!!



BOOM!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER A STOLEN PLANE FLIES OUT OF GERMANY!!

POOR GUY.. I TRIED TO SAVE HIM AND FAILED ..BUT HIS SECRET PERISHED WITH HIM!!





NO DEADLIER ADVERSARY CONFRONTS THE INVADING NAZIS THAN THE ELUSIVE **MARKSMAN**... LAST OF A LONG LINE OF POLISH NOBLES, BARON POVALSKI NOW STRIKES AT THE ENEMY, USING HIS ANCESTORS' WEAPON.... THE BOW AND ARROW.... WHILE AT THE SAME TIME HE MASQUERADES AS MAJOR HURTZ OF THE NAZI ARMY.....

NAZI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS IN POLAND..THE FORMER CASTLE OF BARON POVALSKI...



A NAZI GENERAL HOLDS A CONFERENCE...



VE CAUGHT DIS VUN TRYING TO STEAL DER CAPTURED ENGLISH PLANE!







HA..HA!!
VERY CLEVER
IDEA, GENERAL

NONE WILL
SUSPECT OUR
LEADER'S
KAPITAN KRASS!

THE
MARKSMAN
MUST WORK
FAST HERE...



THEN... HIGH IN A SECRET TOWER
CHAMBER, MAJOR HURTZ MAKES
A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME.....

...AND YOU KNOW YOUR
PART IN THIS, VORKA?

YES,
MASTER!



FAITHFUL
OLD VORKA...
ONCE AGAIN
WE'LL
DEFEAT
THE
NAZIS!



SOON AFTER....

HELP!!
HELP!!...
THE
MARKSMAN...
I SAW HIM BY
THE GATES!



GET OUT OF MY
WAY, CLUMSY!!...
OHHHHN....

I..I'M SORRY,
KAPITAN KRASS
...I SLIPPED...



YOU OLD
FOOL.. I'LL...
I'LL....

YOU'LL DO
EXACTLY AS I
SAY, KAPITAN!



UNTIE THE BOY, VORKA...
AND YOU, KAPITAN KRASS...
TAKE OFF THOSE
CLOTHES!



... AND AGAIN PUT
ON YOUR OWN
UNIFORM...
HURRY..THIS
ARROW MIGHT
SLIP!



WE'LL LEAVE NOW...
AND THE
JOKE IS ON
THE
GENERAL!

SECONDS LATER...HIGH IN THE CASTLE TOWER.....

LOOK! ANGERED BECAUSE THEY CAN'T FIND ME, THE GENERAL IS GOING TO PLACE KRASS BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD...THINKING THAT HE'S **YOU**!



NOW YOU DIE, YOU BLUBBERING AMERICAN COWARD!



THE GENERAL HIMSELF IS ABOUT TO ORDER THE EXECUTION.....

READY...
AIM...



NO! NO!!
D..DON'T
SHOOT...
I'M.....

AS THE MAN'S
GAG IS WILDLY
FORCED OFF...



FIRE!!!



FOOLS!!
WHO GAVE
THAT ORDER?!!
WHY DID
YOU FIRE?



THIS **IS** KAPITAN KRASS!! THE BOY HAS ESCAPED!

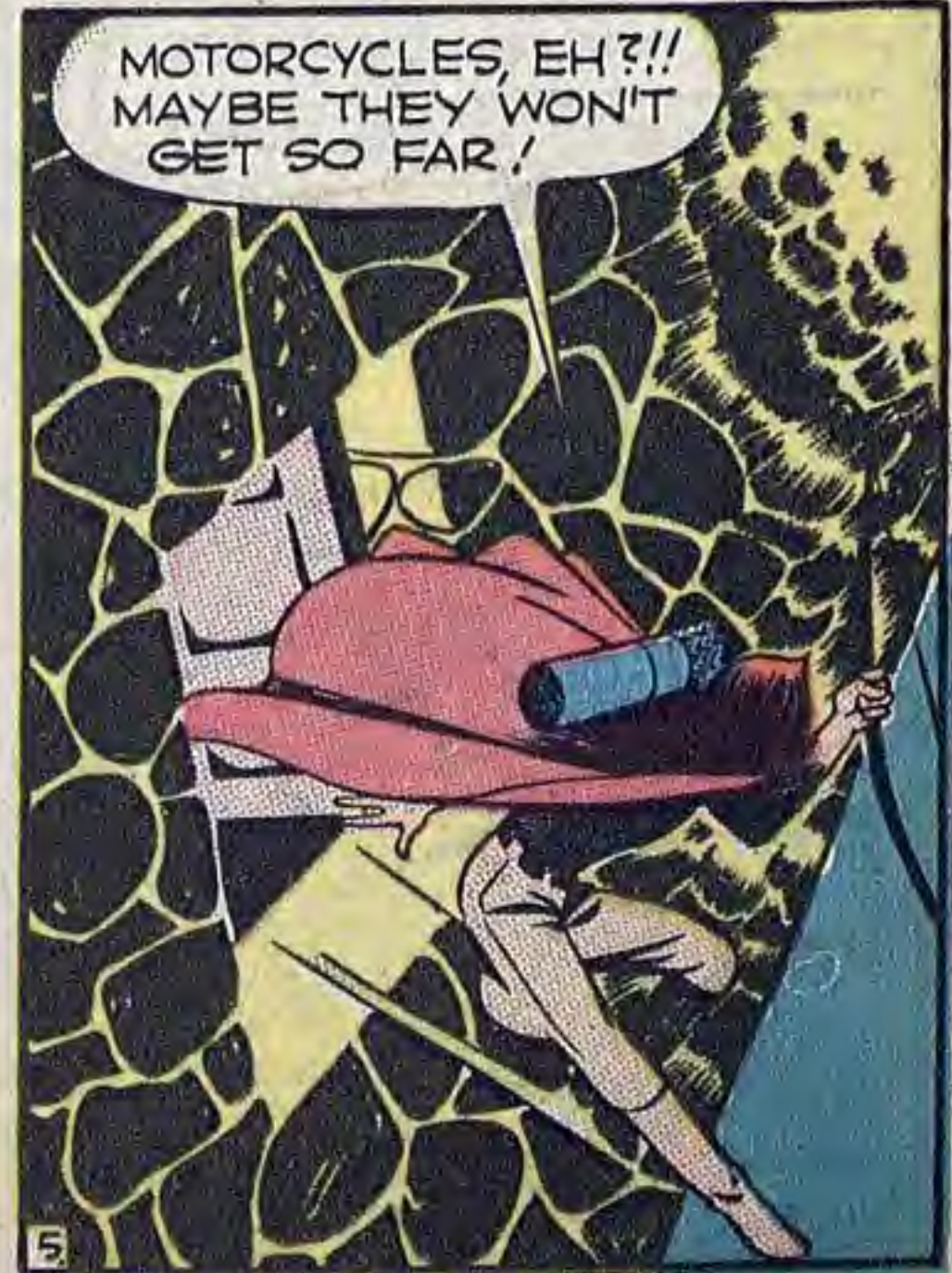


FIND THAT AMERICAN.. THE MARKSMAN TOO!!...OR I WILL SHOOT ALL OF YOU!!



THERE'S ONLY ONE ESCAPE... GET TO THAT PLANE...I'LL KEEP THE NAZIS BUSY TILL YOU MAKE IT!!



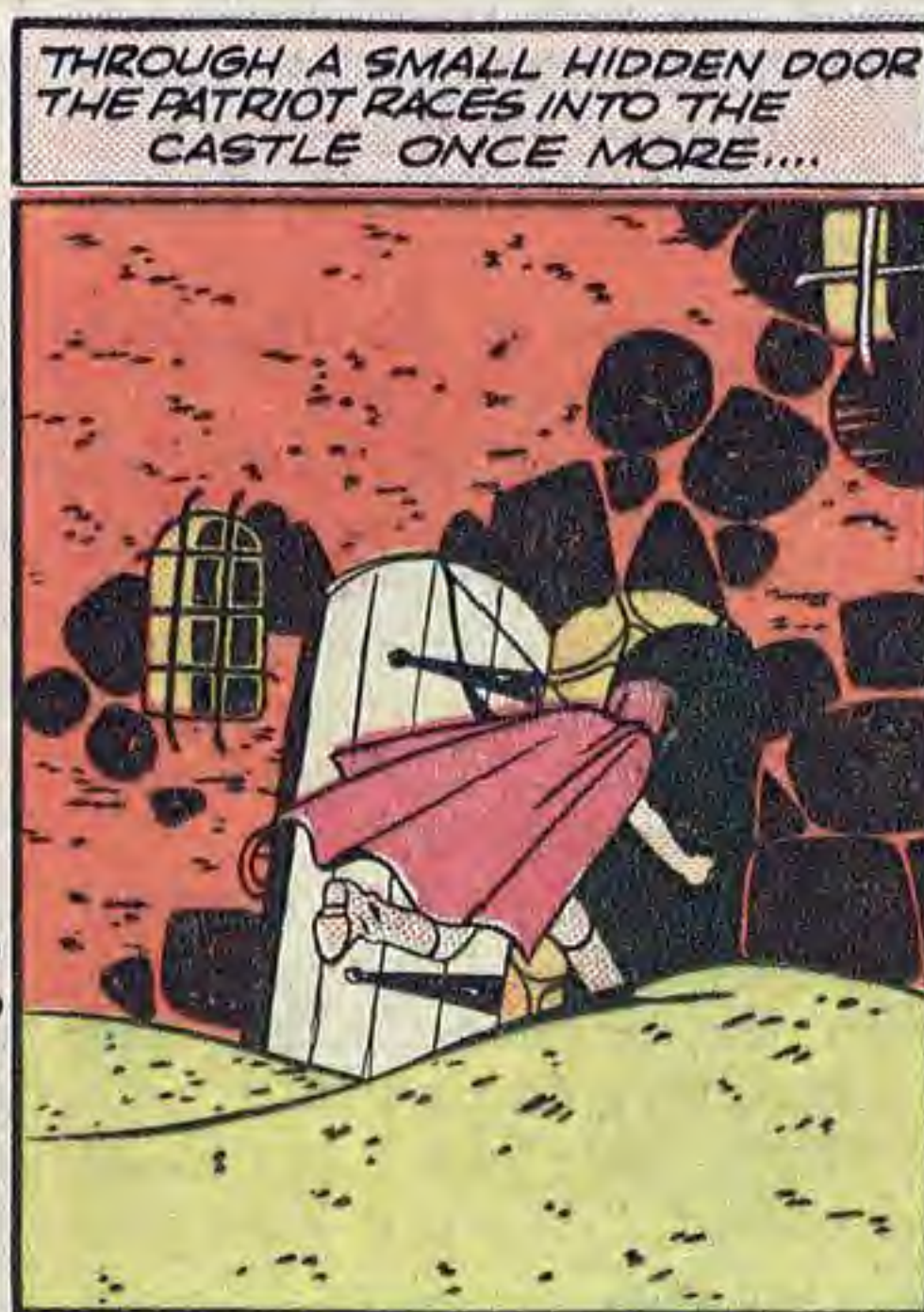
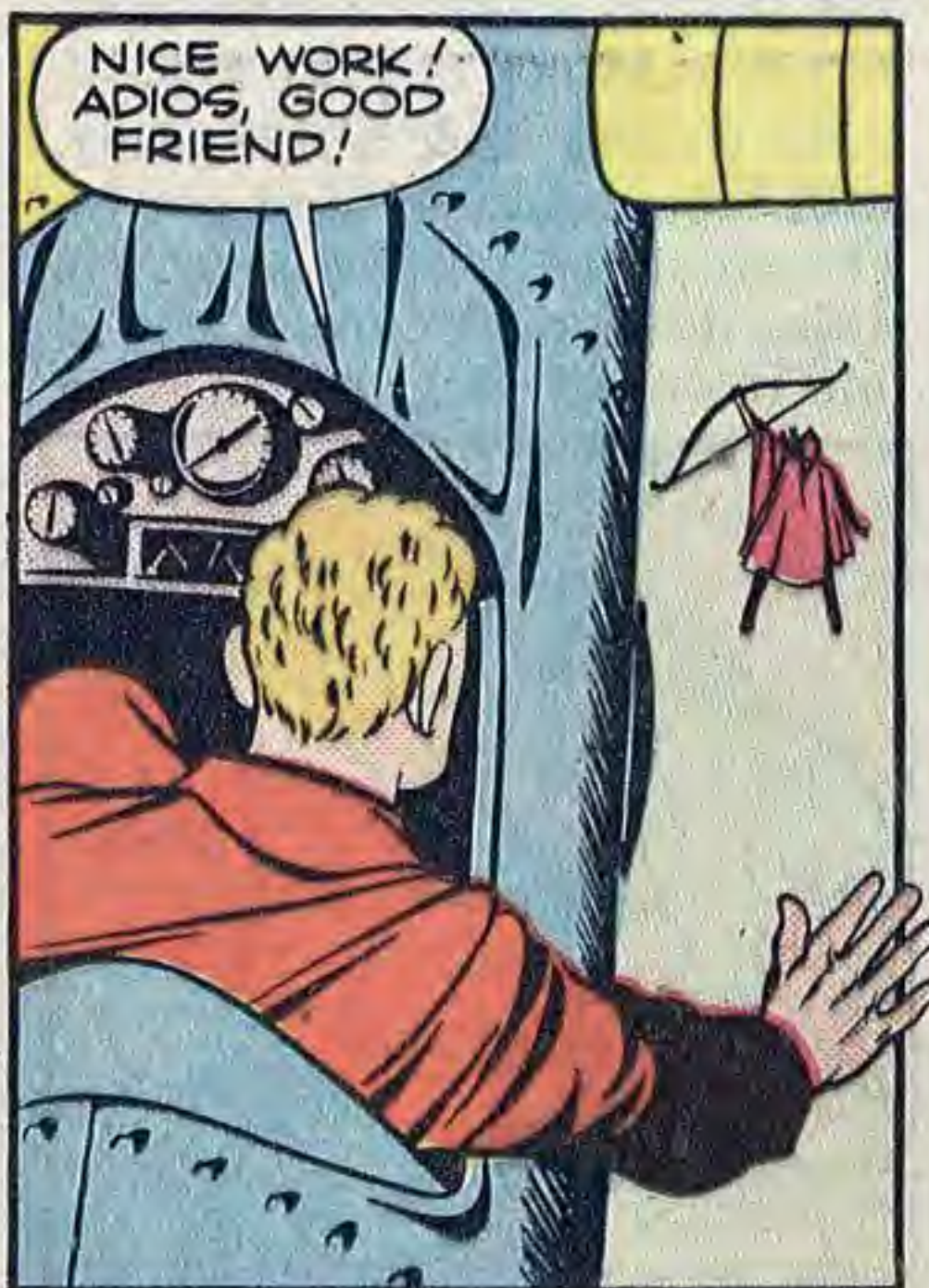
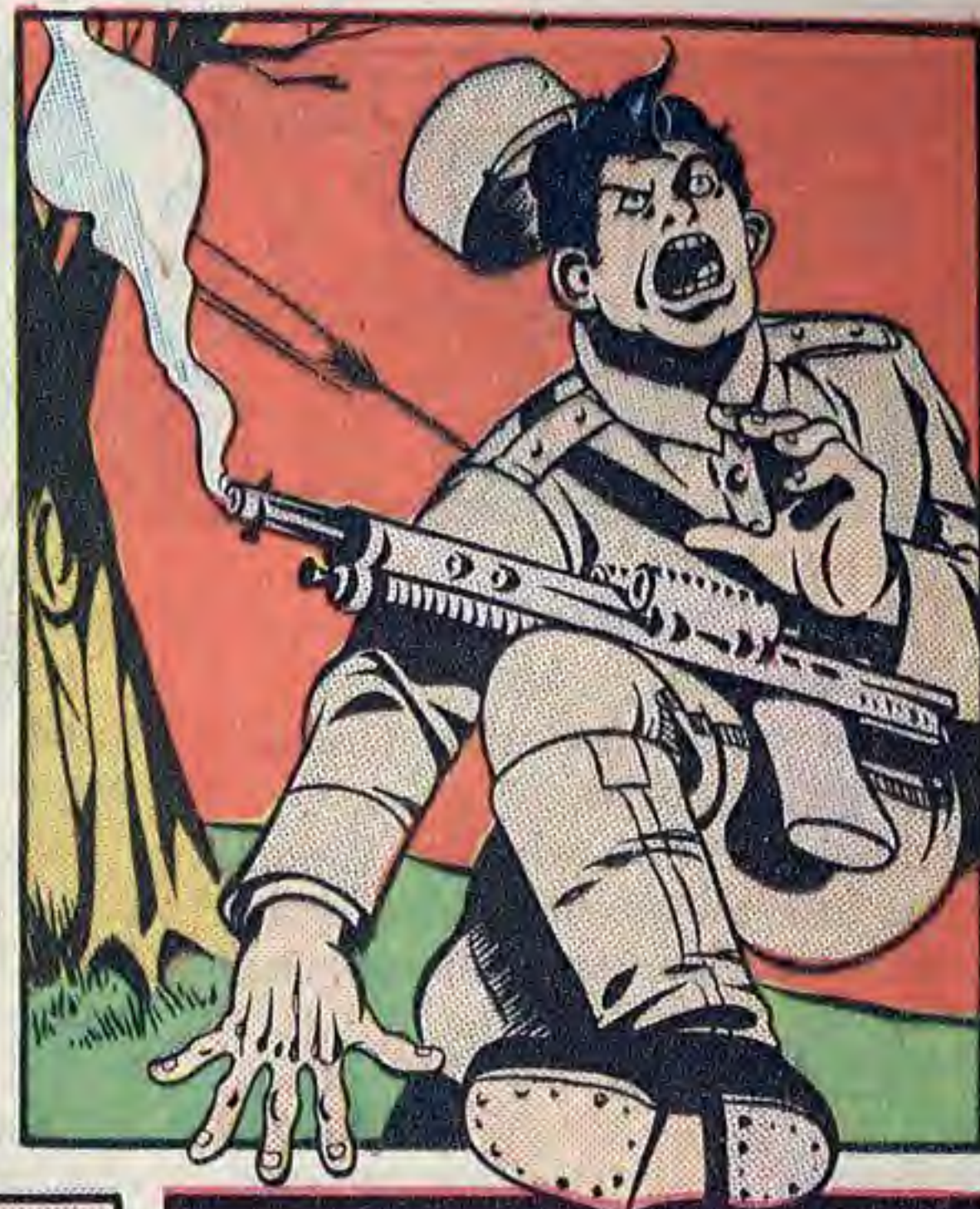


THE MACHINES ROAR INTO THE OPEN



BUT SUDDENLY THE RIDERS ARE PICKED OFF LIKE BIRDS ON THE WING





THE COBRA TEST



"Your name?"

"Jimmy Christian."

"Occupation?"

"Geologist—for the United States government."

"Ah—then you admit that you are a foreign agent?" The little French police captain smiled evilly.

"I admit I'm an American citizen," Jimmy snapped. "And I demand an explanation of this singular procedure. What have I done to warrant arrest?"

"You are charged," said the captain, "with having tungsten ore samples in your possession—samples which you did not register with the Saigon authorities."

Jimmy stared. "Registered with the Saigon authorities? Since when does a private geologist have to tell the police about ore samples? I had them assayed at one of your government offices—"

"I know," the police captain interrupted. "That's how we knew about the samples—the assayer told us."

Jimmy blew up then. "Say, what is this? Indo-China is not at war! What's private enterprise got to do with—"

"Silence!" barked the captain. "You'll hold a civil tongue—Amerikain, or you'll go to prison! Now, here is the situation, since you reveal such colossal ignorance of the laws. You have committed a crime for which we can imprison you for five years. There is one other alternative—you leave the country within twenty-four hours."

Jimmy reasoned he was stopped cold. There was no use to argue. He said, "All right, Captain Nârre, I'll go." He started out of the police station without another word.

"A moment!" said the official. "The map showing the location

of your tungsten mine—we want that, mon ami!"

Jimmy whirled. "Find the mine yourself! I didn't make a map!" Then he stalked out.

It was true. He hadn't drawn a map; too dangerous in this country infested with rogues. He knew how to retrace his steps to that weird jungle.

"And I'm going to retrace them!" he said to himself, angrily. "Chase me out of the country, will they? I'll show 'em that Americans aren't so easily frightened!"

Jimmy went to the American consul at Saigon.

"They're using powerful bluff," the consul explained. "But I'm powerless to stop it. There is the ticklish situation with Japan, y'know. And this is Vichy France—Nazi France, I should say. You'd better scream!"

"Not on your life!" snapped young Christian. "I've located a valuable tungsten ledge, and Uncle Sam's going to get it!"

"If you don't leave," cautioned the consul, "they can have you shot, my boy."

"I'll take the chance. I'm not a bad shot myself!"

That same afternoon, Jimmy gassed up his small plane at the Saigon airport. Then he flew south. He continued to fly south until he was miles beyond the city of Saigon, miles beyond the habitations of men. He circled in the gathering dusk and headed westward.

At dawn, Jimmy set down in a small clearing. His mine was two miles to the north, in the rolling Pnom-Pnem hills. He cut brush and stacked it over the ship so that it couldn't be seen from the air. Japanese flyers occasionally flew over the jungle . . .

As he approached the wild, desolate spot where he'd found

the outcropping of tungsten, he assured himself that no one had been there except himself. A heavy tangle of jungle ran up to within fifty feet of the ledge on the south; it grew close everywhere else.

Jimmy set to work with a will. The sun came out hot and steamy. The breath of the jungle stifled him. But he didn't heed these things. He wanted only to map that area carefully; Uncle Sam would take care of the rest.

Jimmy spent two days making test holes in the hillside, making acid tests, and drawing his map. When he was all through, he folded the tiny piece of goat skin on which he had drawn the map, and slipped it into a false compartment in one of his boots.

He walked back to his plane, pulled the brush off and got in. The motor caught instantly. He taxied down the clearing, turned into the wind, and gunned it. In



a moment he was in the air, heading out over the dense jungle to the south. He'd cross the Indo-China border into Thailand, thence southward to a port he'd already decided upon. An American destroyer was anchored there. They would wait for him.

Maybe it was instinct, or that sixth sense with which people—especially those accustomed to danger—are supposed to possess. Jimmy didn't know why he looked up and back.

"Holy cow!" he gasped. "Right

on my tail!" A dive bomber was boring straight at him, coming down out of the cloudless sky in a terrific dive. Before Jimmy could roll over, the bomber's twin guns began sputtering death. A bullet screamed through the left wing, another ripped into the tail.

Then Jimmy was falling off in a twisting spin. The bomber couldn't maneuver quite so freely, but the other ship had far more speed and climb. Jimmy came out of the spin, leveled off and began boring upward. By this time the bomber was a mile off, completing his terrific pull-out, and was turning now for another encounter.

"I can't fight that devil," Jimmy said. "I doubt if I can keep away from him . . ."

The bomber came on quickly, and before Jimmy could get into another roll, the enemy's guns chattered and a slug tore through the motor of Jimmy's ship. The motor conked out. Jimmy began falling in widening circles. He didn't have his chute on, so it meant land down there somewhere in the trees. If that devil would only give him a few seconds . . .

Jimmy pancaked into a mass of thick brush, nosed over. As he did so, he jerked his safety belt loose, fell on his face beneath the plane, and began crawling through the underbrush. The bomber roared over, spraying the wreckage with a hail of machine-gun slugs. Jimmy grinned. Not too enthusiastically. He didn't know how far he was from the coast.

"Guess I'm lucky at that," he soliloquized. "Didn't get a scratch!"

He began walking. Beneath the great trees, it wasn't so bad. And he was following a clearly defined trail. Night fell. Still he walked on, wondering where he was going. Suddenly there was a stealthy sound behind him. He jumped, clawing at his pistol. But before he could draw it, a half dozen figures piled on him and he went down. Gruff native voices broke the silence. Then he was yanked

to his feet and forced ahead of the mob.

A half hour's march brought them into a small clearing where a native village sprawled in the night. One fire burned in the center of the village. To this Jimmy was shoved. The aged chief sat before a brush lodge sonorously chanting some native song and making passes before the fire with his gnarled hands. He looked up, grunted. Then he got to his feet. He was short, squat, with a ferocious countenance. A descendent of the Khmers probably, Jimmy decided. One thing he noticed about the chief: the old patriarch carried a shiny revolver in a shiny holster.

"Now where the dickens did he get that?" Jimmy wondered. "Ah—of course, they are in the pay of the Japanese! They mean to hold me here until the Japs come!"

This reasoning didn't help Jimmy's situation. If he fell into the enemy's hands, he was lost. They'd find the map, and he'd be carted back to Saigon, to be executed.

The natives chattered and gesticulated among themselves. Then two of them entered the chief's hut and dragged forth a huge wicker tub-like basket. Removing the lid, they forced Jimmy down on his knees. One of them held a blazing torch aloft. Inside that basket were two huge cobras! The natives motioned, with outstretched hands. Then the chief began talking slowly, painfully, in poor French. If the white devil could let those snakes bite him, and live, then they'd let him go! He—the chief

—had heard that white devils made powerful medicine; that they were immune to snake bite.

Several of the natives grabbed him, forced his arms out, downward. "Wait!" he shouted in French. He'd just thought of something, something he used in searching for radium deposits. The chief gestured. They let him loose.

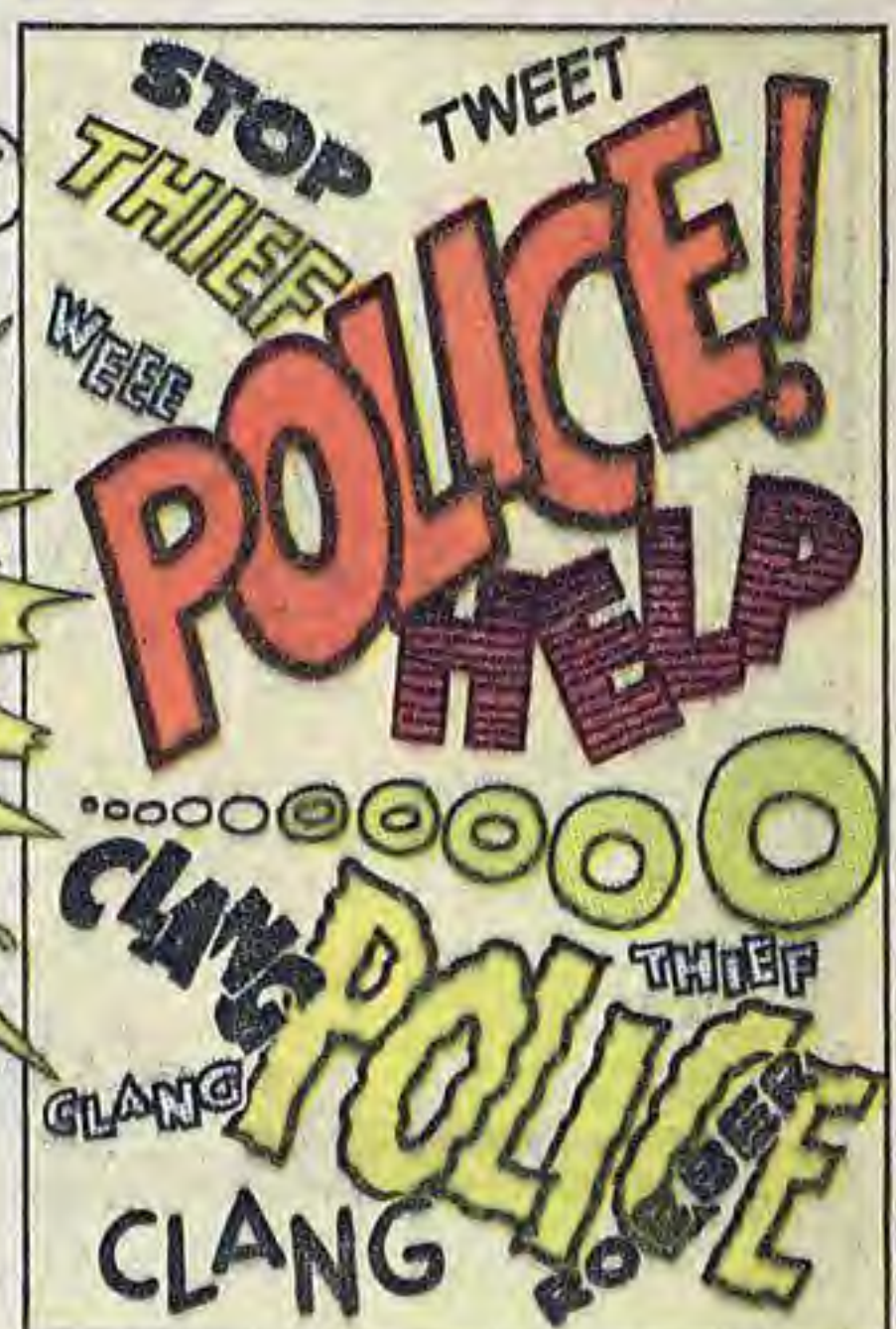
Jimmy felt in his pocket, drew forth a small roll, and working with his hands under his coat, he at last held his arms out over the basket. Two of those deadly poisonous fangs closed over a finger. The other cobra struck at his wrist. The natives yelled, jerked him to his feet, and the chief told him to stand perfectly still.

Jimmy stood. Then he went to the basket, made a grab and drew forth one of the big reptiles. He held the madly wriggling monster in both hands. It struck his thumb. He hung on. Then he went toward the ring of natives, shouting, "All right, you devils, take some of your own medicine!"

Magically, the clearing emptied of natives. Jimmy went back and dropped the snake into the basket. He grinned. Then he set off through the jungle, after he had peeked at his compass. The coast couldn't be more than a few miles farther on. As he walked, he chuckled at his own swell joke on the natives. Had they searched him, they'd have found the gloves—skin-colored gloves made of a tough composition which included a layer of very flexible lead, to thwart the deadly radium rays. Yes, and to thwart the equally deadly fangs of cobras!

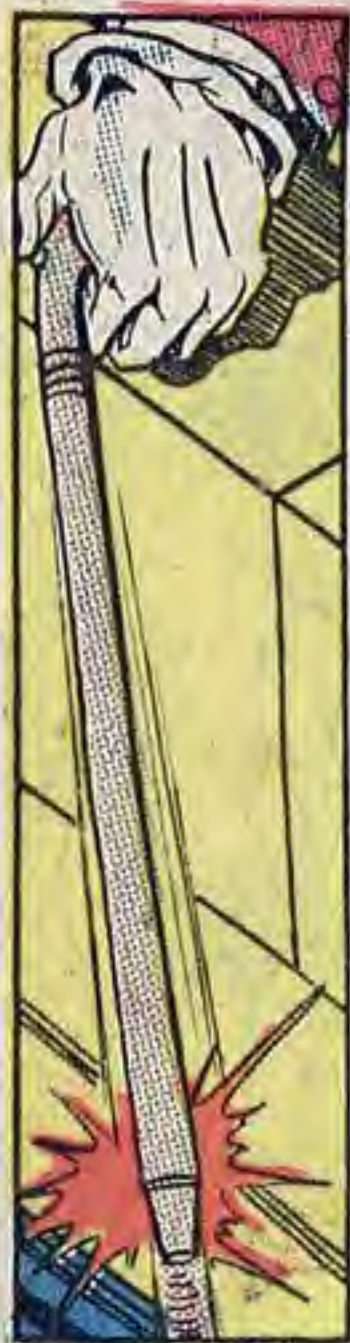
WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
DIFFERENT! UNIQUE! UNUSUAL!
ONLY COMIC MAGAZINE WITH TWO LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN *the* **SPIRIT**
BY JACK COLE **BY WILL EISNER**







WAIT A MINUTE, YOU!!

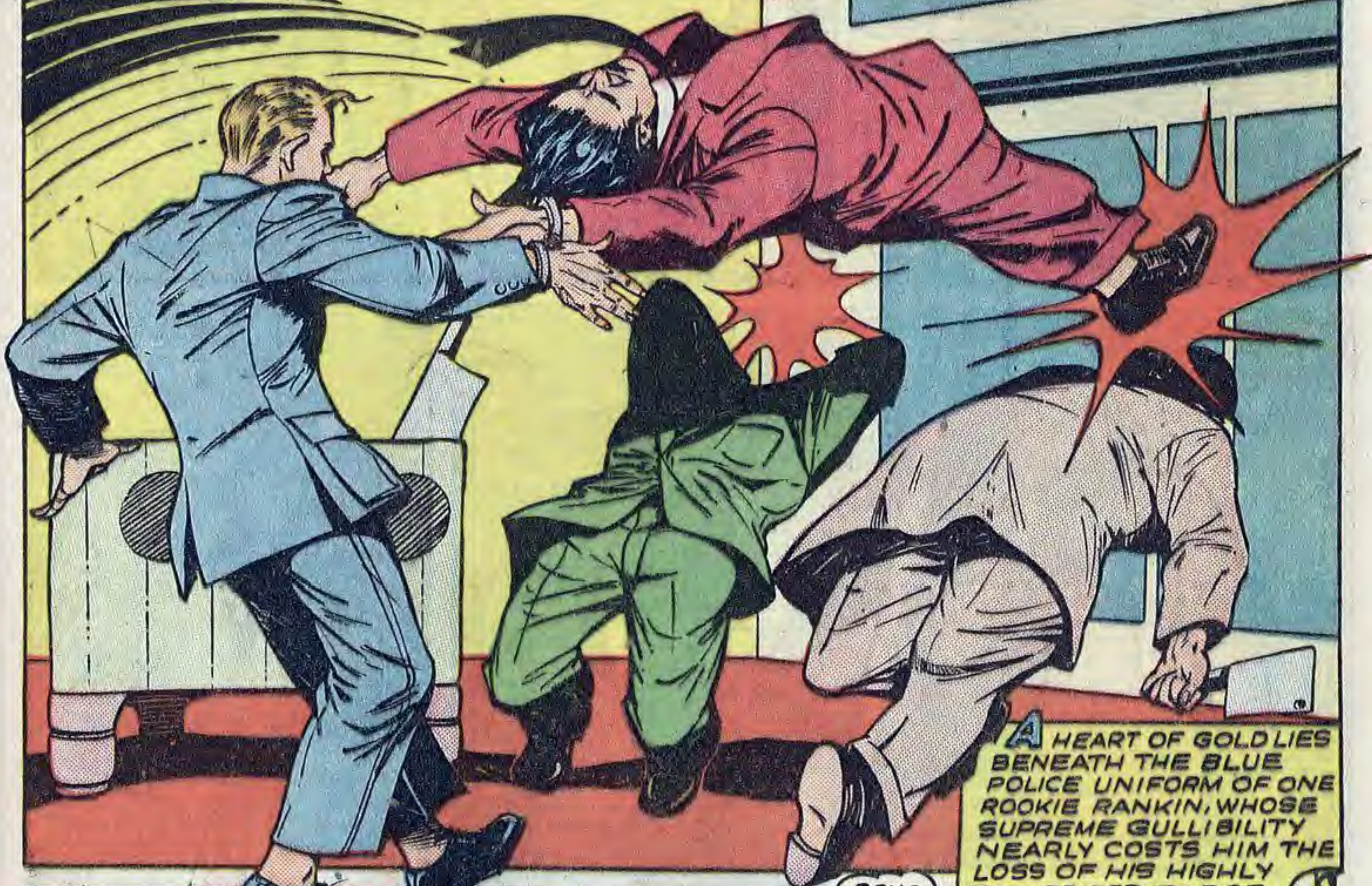




Don't miss the next thrilling adventure of The Jester.

Rookie Rankin

By
Arthur Percy



A HEART OF GOLD LIES BENEATH THE BLUE POLICE UNIFORM OF ONE ROOKIE RANKIN, WHOSE SUPREME GULLIBILITY NEARLY COSTS HIM THE LOSS OF HIS HIGHLY PRIZED BADGE.

HMM... CURTIS... THAT'S THE ONE I WANT.

LIONEL CURTIS

ALDO RUBANO

THOMAS WILLIAM

ALBERT BRYAN

♪ YES? ♪

ER..HELLO! ROOKIE RANKIN, REPORTING FOR SPECIAL DUTY.

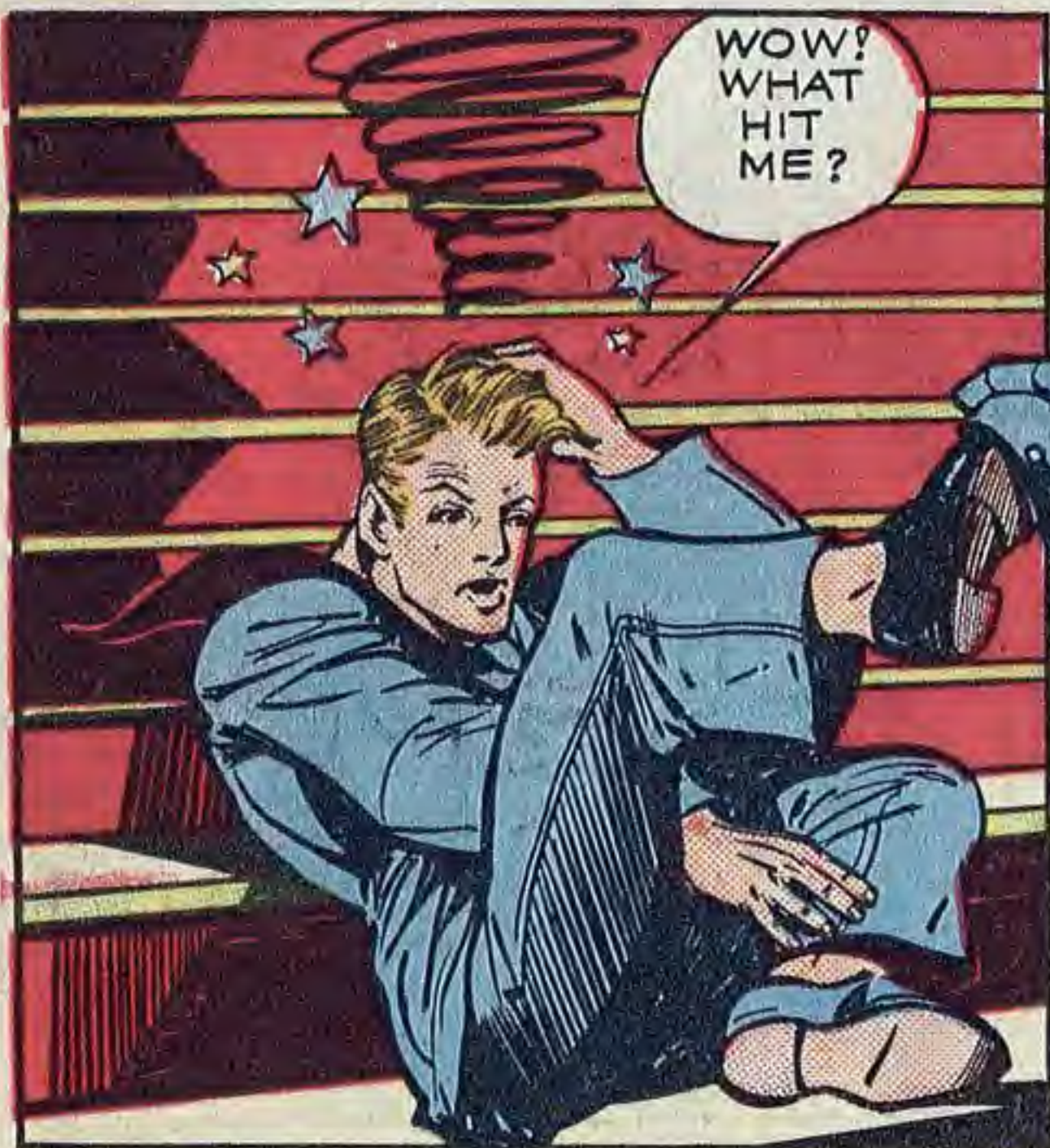
BOY! THIS AIN'T WORK! WHATTA LOOKER!

THIS 'MUG'S A CINCH..

I'VE BEEN DETAILED AS MR. CURTIS' BODY-GUARD.. YOU HIS DAUGHTER?

I'M HIS SECRETARY.. COME ALONG.. HE'S EXPECTING YOU!





WOW!
WHAT
HIT
ME?



HEY!
ANYBODY
HURT?



YEAH,
MISTER,
YOU!

UGH!



WHILE...

NOW, HONEY,
JUST LIE STILL..
YOUR HEAD'LL
BE CLEAR IN
A MINUTE..



O'MIGOSH!
I FORGOT
ABOUT MR.
CURTIS!



JUST AS...

WHAT IN
BLAZES IS
GOING ON
AROUND
HERE?
RANKIN!!



YES, SIR!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
SIR?

ALL RIGHT?!
WHY YOU
© * !! ☆ X!!



CONFOUNDED
NUMBSKULL..
WHILE YOU WERE RESTING
YOUR THICK HEAD ON MY
SECRETARY'S LAP, SOME
THUG GOT AWAY WITH
THOSE DOCUMENTS! I'LL
SEE THE COM-
MISSIONER
ABOUT THIS!
I'LL SEE...

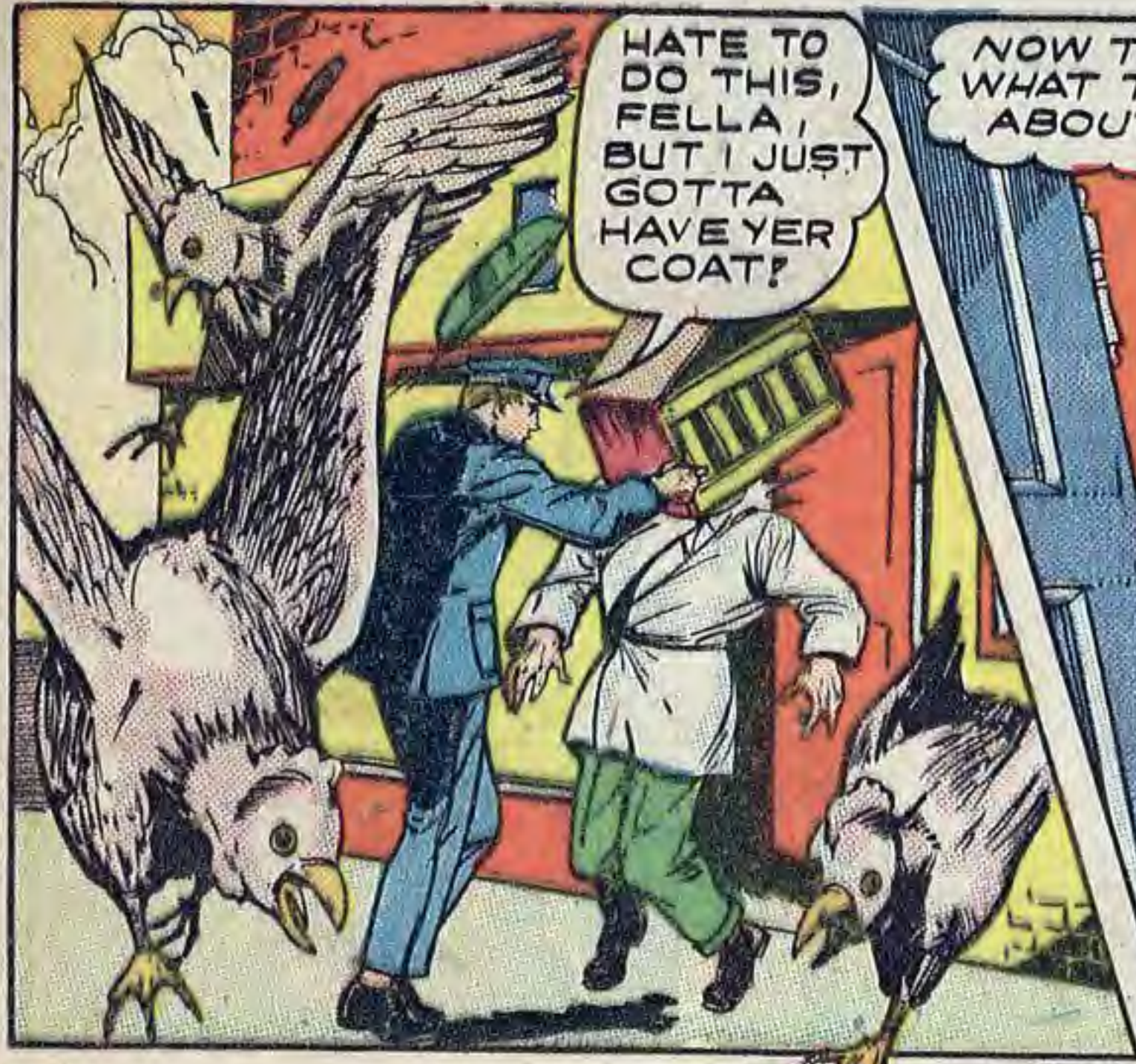
ER...
GULP...



NEVER MIND THE ALIBIS,
RANKIN! I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! TURN IN YOUR
BADGE! YOU'RE
SUSPENDED!

B-BUT SARGE..
WHAT'LL M-
MOM SAY?!





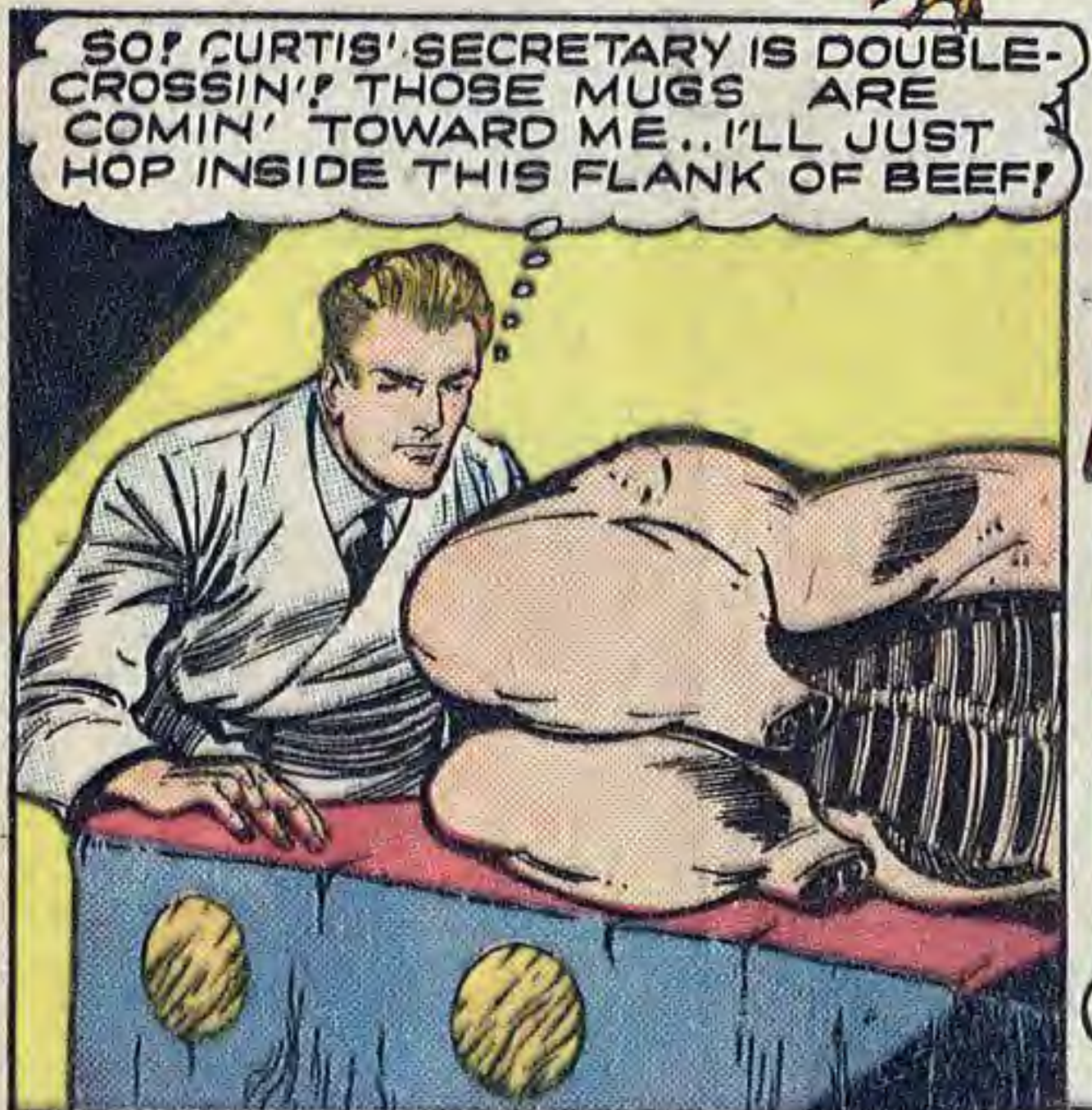
HATE TO DO THIS, FELLA, BUT I JUST GOTTA HAVE YER COAT!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



THERE'S THE LITTLE GUY COMIN' OUT OF THAT REFRIGERATOR WITH ANOTHER BUTCHER?

NO SLIP-UPS, CHOPPER, UNDERSTAND? WHEN MITZIE BRINGS CURTIS, WE FINISH HIM OFF!



SO? CURTIS' SECRETARY IS DOUBLE-CROSSIN'? THOSE MUGS ARE COMIN' TOWARD ME... I'LL JUST HOP INSIDE THIS FLANK OF BEEF!



GUESS WE FIXED DAT NOSEY COPPER, EH, CHIEF??

YEAH?. BUT NOW I'M GONNA SHOW CURTIS WHAT I THINK OF HIS RUINING MY MEAT RACKET!

WOW! THIS DEAD COW IS STARTIN' TO SLIDE!



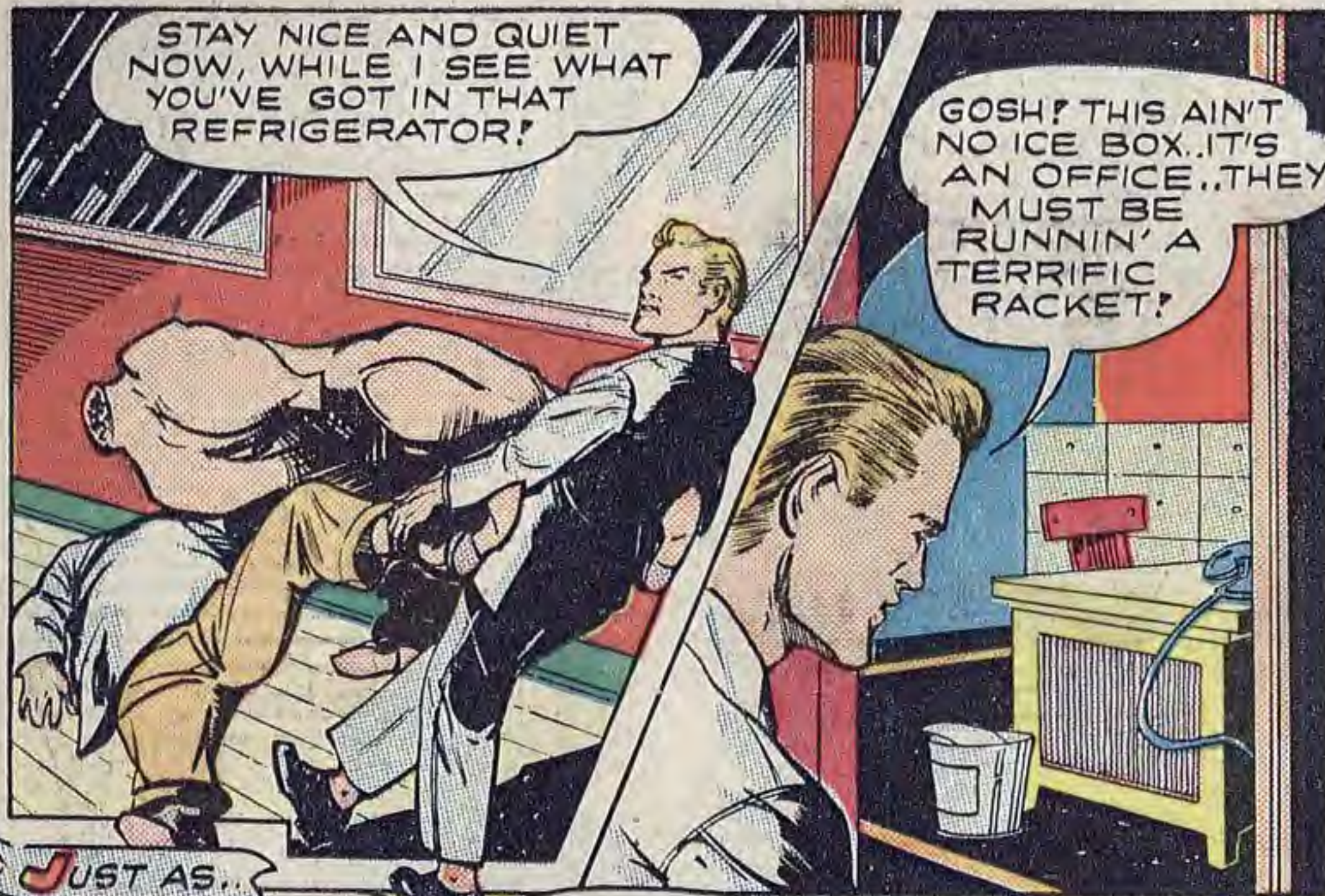
HUH? WHA...??

YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE TO TELL ANYTHING YA HEARD!

THE FLAT FOOT!



HAVE A HUNK OF COW, FELLAS!



STAY NICE AND QUIET NOW, WHILE I SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN THAT REFRIGERATOR!

GOSH! THIS AIN'T NO ICE BOX..IT'S AN OFFICE..THEY MUST BE RUNNIN' A TERRIFIC RACKET!



Then... PLEASE, SARGE, JUST THIS ONCE.. I CAUGHT THE MOB THAT IS TRYIN' TO BUMP OFF CURTIS.. YEAH, HURRY!



JUST AS... RIGHT IN HERE, MR. CURTIS..WE'LL HAVE THIS MOB SEWED UP IN NO TIME!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?



O'MIGOSH! THE COPPER! I GOTTA SCRAM!

HEH HEH!



HE DASHES HEADLONG INTO ROOKIE'S NEWLY ARRIVED PALS.

OHH..

IN A HURRY, MISS?



MY..BUT IT'S FINE TO SEE THE OLD BADGE BACK ON AGAIN?

RANKIN, I MISJUDGED YOU..AND I'M SORRY?



AW, THAT'S NOTHIN', MR. CURTIS.. LET'S SHAKE HANDS AN' FORGET IT!

OH HO! WITH A MUTTON CHOP, EH?



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, FLATFOOT.. EVEN IF YA DO LOOK DUMB?

IF YOU WASN'T MY PRISONER...GIT MOVIN'!

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LALA PALOOZA
SPIN SHAW
Poison Ivy
Swing Sisson
FARGO KID
Samar
ZERO

And
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ON SALE
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ALL STAR CAST HEADED BY The **DOLL MAN**

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-SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY-

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